

DUMBEST

BOY MEETS WORLD * The OSCARS * MONSTER BASKETBALL

CRACKED

\$1.95
\$2.50
FOREIGN/
CANADA

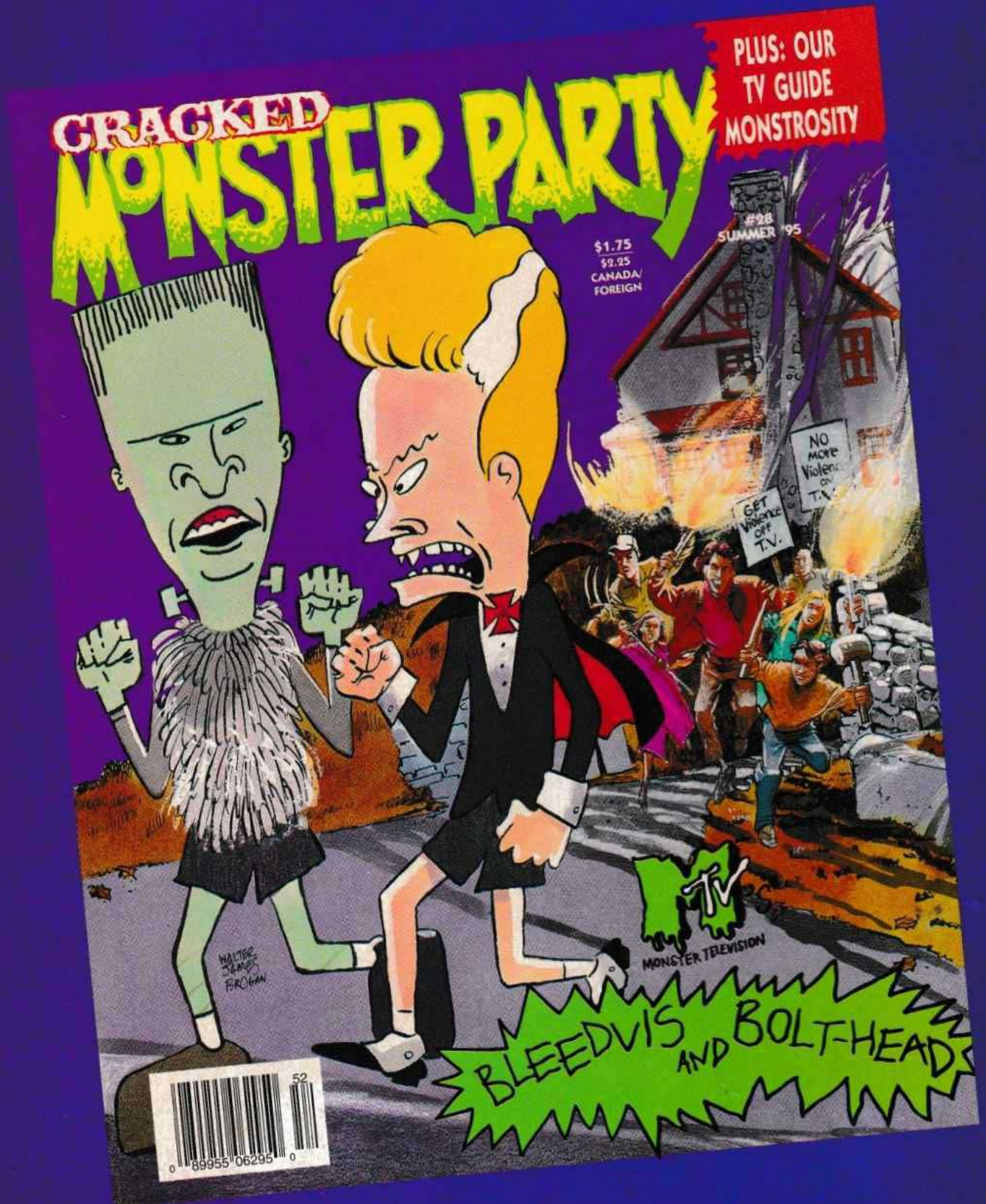
#299
JULY '95

GETS DUMB AND DUMBER



0 70989 06254 2

BEFORE THERE WAS DUMB AND DUMBER
THERE WAS...STUPID AND STUPIDER!

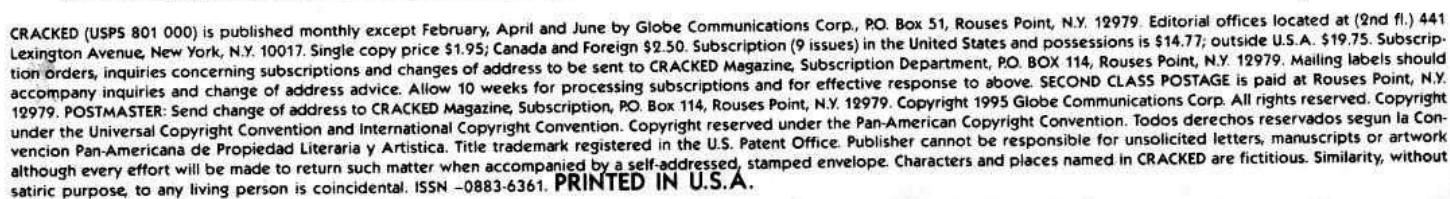


ON SALE NOW AT A DUNGEON OR CEMETARY NEAR YOU!

JULY '95 #299

SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE
crash test dummy

JOHN SEVERIN—front cover
TOM GRIMES/GREG GRABIANSKI—inside cover
RANDY JONES/ROB WESKE—back cover



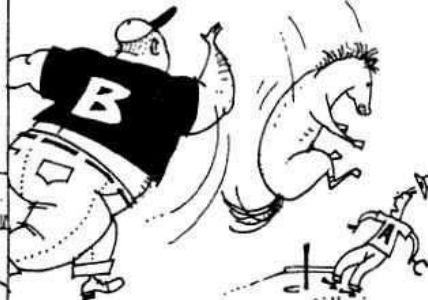
B A C K

SO, WHAT'S THE CALL?

During a recent tournament, Player A tossed a horseshoe just short of the stake.



During his turn, Player B's horseshoe wraps around the stake, even though he neglected to take it off the horse.



SO, WHAT'S THE CALL?
Does Player B's victory stand?

Rule 6-16%¹%5=3459 of the Horseshoe Rulebook states: "The athlete shall remove the horse from the shoe prior to his toss." However, since Player A was crushed by the thrown horse and was unable to make his final toss of the competition he forfeits the match. Thus, the call is... **PLAYER B IS VICTORIOUS!**



7 THINGS YOU DON'T WANT TO OVERHEAR AT THE BARBER SHOP

- Do we have anything that takes out bloodstains?
- I bet I can cut his hair with one hand tied behind my back.
- Oh well, he can always tell people it was a ceiling fan.
- Comb... scissors... uh-oh... scalpel... forceps...
- Here, sprinkle some of these magic seeds on his head and see if it'll grow back.
- Don't stop till we get enough hair to make my wife a new coat.

On April 4th
celebrate Be
Totally Honest
With Your
Parents Day
brought to you
by Little-Known
National
Holidays Greeting
Cards.



Hey, Mom & Dad,
I'll tell you straight,
for today's my day to be honest.
I wrecked the car,
And killed my date,
Then buried her deep in the forest.



AFTER THE SUCCESS OF HIS X-RATED MOVIE, JOHN WAYNE BOBBITT IS ABOUT TO FILM A SEQUEL. HERE ARE SOME PROPOSED TITLES:

- More than Six Degrees of Separation
- Numb & Number
- Forrest Stump
- One Flew Over the Stop Sign
- Missing
- Ben-Hurt
- A Separate Piece
- The Return of the Magnificent Seven.
- Roots
- Little Women with Big Knives
- Lorena Scissorhands
- The Sting

VIERING OFF by Jed Vier



Chain Smokers

W A S H

RETURN TO SENDER

Dear Cracked,
Help! Get them off me!

Cory
Boy Meets World Wrestling
Federation

Dear Cracked,
I auditioned for Little Women but
they told me I didn't fit the part.

Roseanne
At The Krispie Kreme

Dear Cracked,
Me too!

Delta Burke
The Next Stool Over

Dear Cracked,
Here's a list of our newest flavors:

- Drained Crankcase Cooler
- Raspberry Monkey Sweat
- Peach-Ragu Sauce Mixer
- Cough-Up Surprise
- Hudson River Cooler
- Prozac Passion Punch



The Snapple Lady
Snappleland

Dear Cracked,
If Elvis really were alive today,
would he be upset that someone locked
him up in that coffin?

Sylvester P. Smythe
Locked In The Broom Closet

Dear Cracked,
Just to prove we're on the job, here
are some of the latest products we've
approved:

- An Electric Cat Polisher
- MSG Flavored Gum
- National School of
Seeing-Eye Ferrets
- Clapper Pacemaker
- Mattel's Baby's First
Wet Bar Kit

U.S. Patent Office
In Patently Offensive
Washington, D.C.



Backwash Ingredients:

Vowels, consonants, verbs, adjectives,
pronouns, failed jokes, outright stupidity,
typos, poor grammar, and questionable
taste.

NEW ON THE UNITED PARAMOUNT NETWORK...



Join the fun when three male contestants will
attempt to determine a woman's shampoo simply
by smelling her hair, Tuesday at 7 on *The
Smelling Bee!*

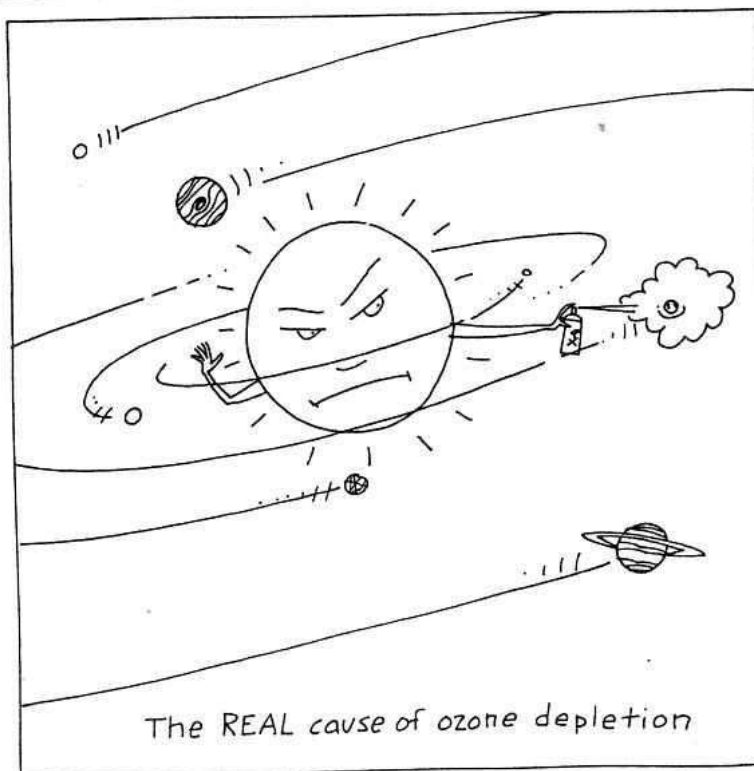
A LETTER FROM YOU GUYS

DEAR CRACKED,
IN YOUR HILARIOUS PARODY OF *STAR WRECK DEGENERATIONS*, (LSH #296),
IN RESPONSE TO THE QUESTION: "HOW MANY KLINGONS DOES IT TAKE TO CHANGE A
LIGHTBULB?", DOODOO (DATA) REPLIES "THREE, ONE TO HOLD IT AND TWO TO TURN THE
LADDER." WELL, I FEAR EVEN DOODOO'S APT FOR THE OLE TIMER'S HOME BECAUSE IT
ONLY TAKES TWO KLINGONS--ONE SCREWS IT IN WHILE THE OTHER SHOOTS HIM AND
TAKES THE HONOR!

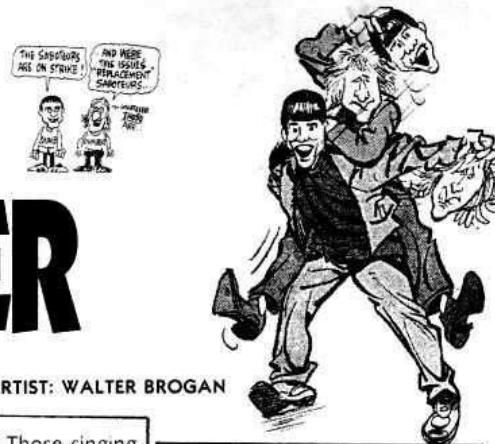
ERIC SWANEY
SMITHFIELD, PA

DEAR ERIC,
MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO START WATCHING SOMETHING ELSE ON TV.
--THE EDS.

OZ & NS by T. Colon



Movies are dumber than ever. For instance there's a new hit movie where nothing makes any sense. It's merely a string of disgusting bodily function gags and dumb jokes (sounds like a typical issue of CRACKED). Anyway, here is our version of Hollywood's latest contribution to the dumbing of America...



DUH-MB AND DUH-MBER

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN



Merry forgot her briefcase. I'll return it to her and she'll be so grateful she'll put on her sexiest Dr. Dentons, invite me into her bedroom and we'll have a pillow fight, huh huh.



That's mine!

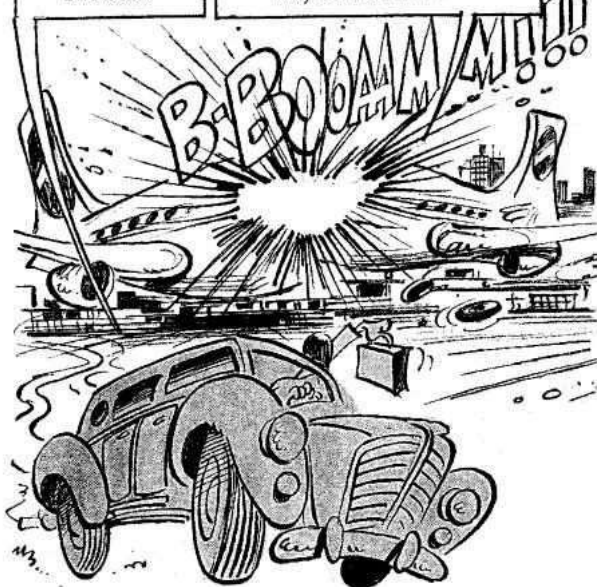
The Lord left it for us.

I got it!



Merry, I got your briefcase!

Get out of the way...YAHHHHH!



Would you believe I got fired just for trying to return a briefcase?

Things always happen in threes. I got fired, too. Somebody's at the door and he's got a gun!

Maybe it's the IRS.

What would they want with us? We never pay taxes.



THAT KNIGHT

Oh my God, my pet parakeet lost his head.

Hey, we all do that. We get angry, say a few things we don't mean.

No, he LOST his head. And his wings. And his tail.



Those creeps split. I'll leave them a message.

Shall I call Western Union or Strip-o-gram?

No, this bird will be our messenger.



Good news, they're not lost. Here they are. I'll staple him back together. We can sell it to the kid down the hall. He'll never notice the difference because he's deaf and blind. Huh huh huh.

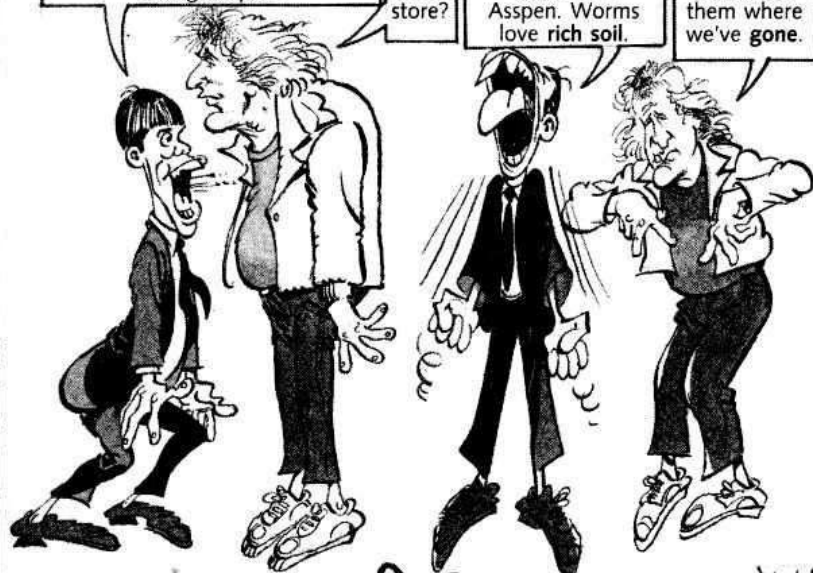


Hairy, let's get out of here. I know a place where the babes ski in **bikinis**, it's always **party time**, and the beer flows like pee on a cold morning. I'm talking Aspen.

What about our worm store?

Man, some of the **most expensive** real estate in the world is in Aspen. Worms love rich soil.

Okay, we'll leave a **note** for the **IRS** to tell them where we've gone.



A DINER ON THE RHODE TO ASPEN

ACHOOO!!

Man, never hawk a **loogie** on a big dude carrying a hockey stick.



HOONNNKKK!



EAT!

I'm on a **snot-free** diet.



That wasn't so bad. It tasted like that **special sauce** on those big burgers.

Here's the plan. I'll hitch a ride with those **clowns** and you follow us. We'll take care of them later.



A RESTAHRANT

Thanks for giving me a lift.

That's okay, we needed somebody to **judge** our **farting contest**. Okay, let'er rip!

BRACCKK!

PHTT!



Don't light that cigarette!



Boss, I've got to get rid of those **creeps**. They're making my **ulcer** act up. I'm gonna put **poison** in their beer.

While he's on the phone, let's put **red-hot peppers** in his sandwich. Funny, huh huh.

What's even funnier is we're handling his food after we went to the **bathroom** and didn't wash our hands.





Quick, give me my ulcer pills. Gasp!

He must mean this bottle with the skull and crossbones.



It's just as well he kicked the bucket; there's no room for him on this bike.

Trading in the Muttmobile for this bike was a great idea. We saved a fortune on gas.

Do you believe this? They sure got stupid sign painters in Asspen. They spelled it wrong.

CRASH!!



Okay, let's call Merry. Darn, I don't remember her last name. Here it is on the briefcase: MADE IN TAIWAN.

I can't find her name in the book. Man, my fingers are frozen.

I'll lend you a pair of my gloves; my hands are starting to sweat. I've got ten pairs of gloves on.



You got ten pairs of gloves and you give me a pair with no fingers?

Hey, those are golf gloves.

Do I look like I'm gonna play golf? Fore!

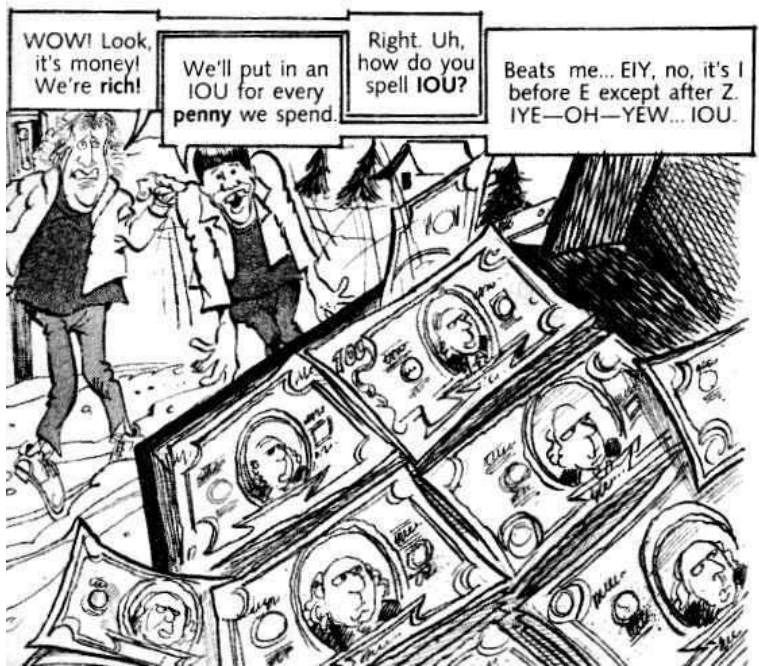
A FANCEE HOTEL SWEET



Man, this is cool. We're staying in the Presidential Suite. All the Presidents stay here when they come to ski. This is the same bed that George Washington slept in.

I didn't know Washington skied.

Sure, that's how he got across that frozen river.



WOW! Look, it's money! We're rich!

We'll put in an IOU for every penny we spend.

Right. Uh, how do you spell IOU?

Beats me... EY, no, it's I before E except after Z. IYE—OH—YEW... IOU.





Right, shoot him.

The joke's on you! The FBI has this place surrounded. They gave me a bulletproof vest. Ooh, I think I put it on **backwards**. GACCKK!



LATER

Merry, hi, remember me? You left your briefcase in the **air terminal**.

Give me that briefcase or I'll **shoot** you.

No, shoot me, that's what friends are for.



It's a **miracle**, you're alive. I'll bet it was the old bible in the **pocket** bit.

No, my **POG** collection was in my pocket. Just when you think things can't get **worse**, something like this happens.

I know how you feel, Merry went back with her **husband**.

Vvoyd Yuletide, I want to talk to you.



Gentlemen, we are forming a new political party. Our aim is to give the **American people** a President and a Vice-President they can understand and **identify** with. And since the Three Stooges are no longer with us, we want you two to head our ticket.

That's right. The people are so fed up with the **clowns** we have running the government they don't even bother to **vote**.

My father would be proud of me if I was President.

That's right, son. I would be proud.

Forrest Gump is your old **man**? Then how come your name ain't **Gump**?

Vvoyd was born on **Easter** so I decided to call him **Yuletide**.

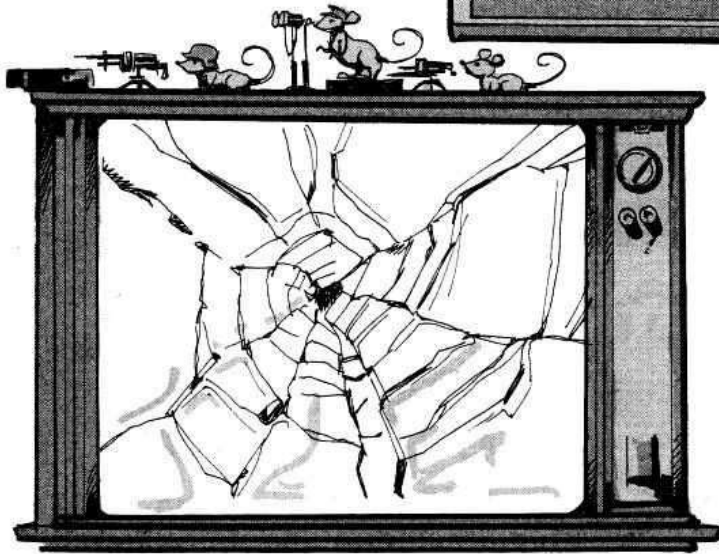
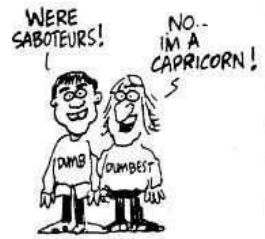
As soon as I'm President, I'm gonna honor all fathers. I'll make a **special holiday** and call it, uh, um, I know, **Father's Day**.

Donald, we're going to win by a **landslide**!

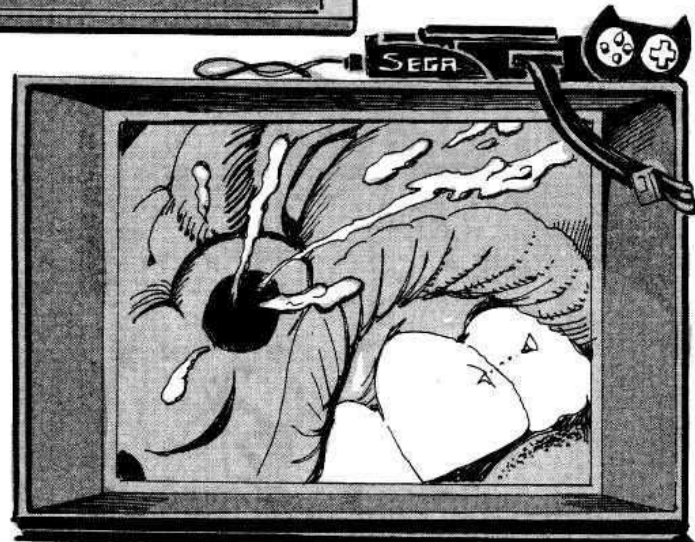


UNUSUAL SPORTS

THE BOWLING BALL CAM



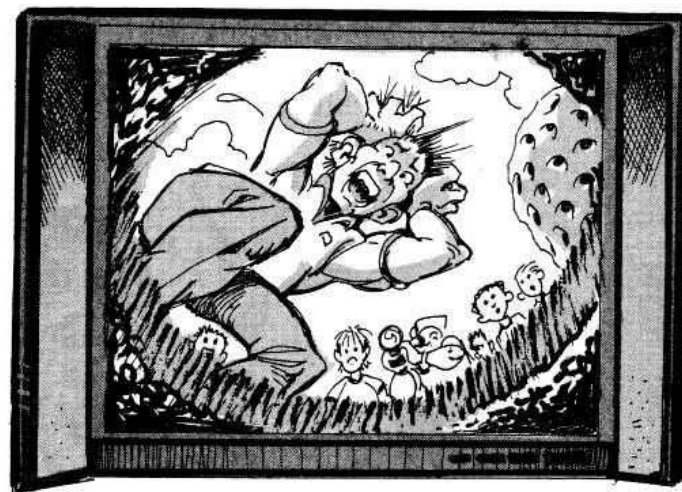
THE BOXER'S NOSE CAM



THE HOCKEY BODY CHECK CAM



THE JOCKEY CAM

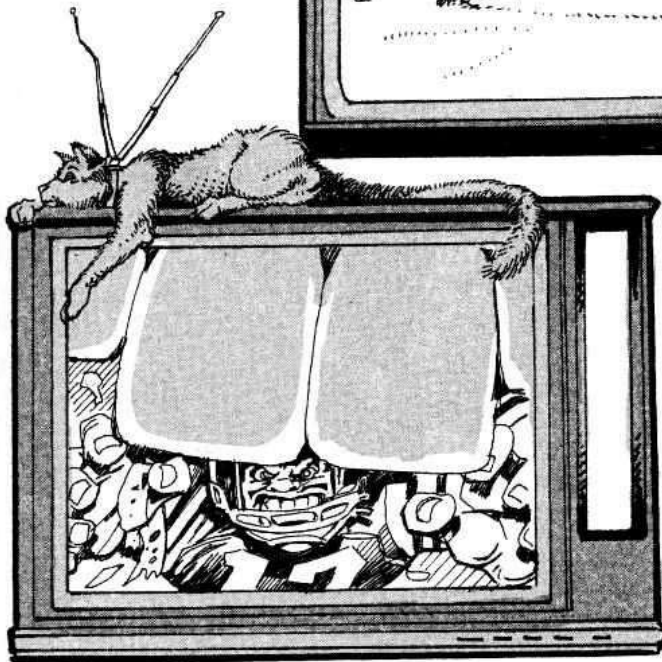
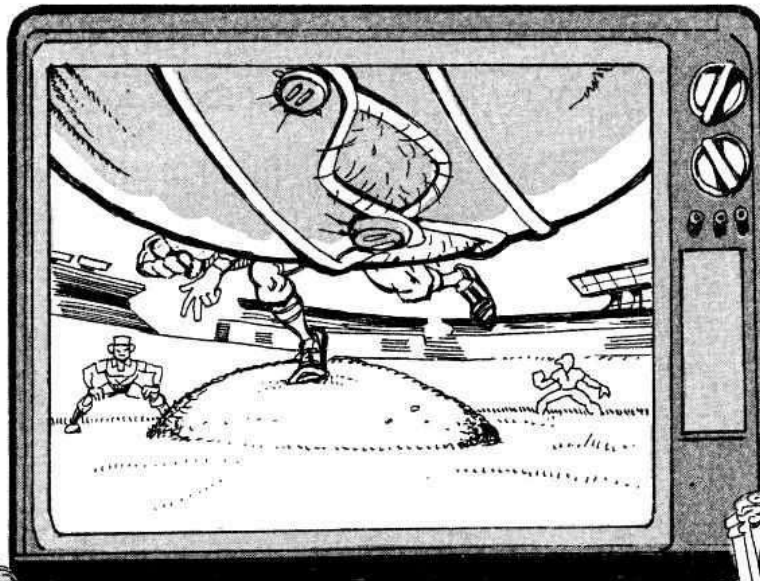


THE BLOWN PUTT CAM

CAMERA ANGLES

WRITER: ROB WESKE
ARTIST: RURIK TYLER

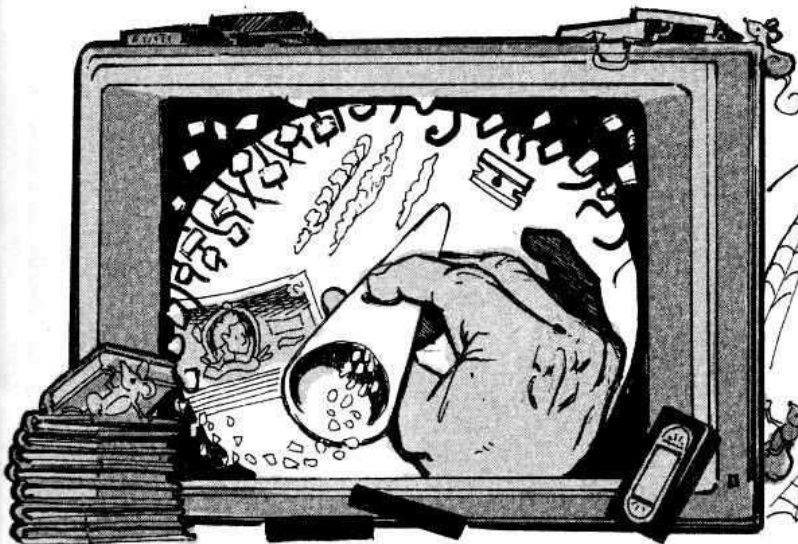
THE JOHN
Kruk BELT
CAM



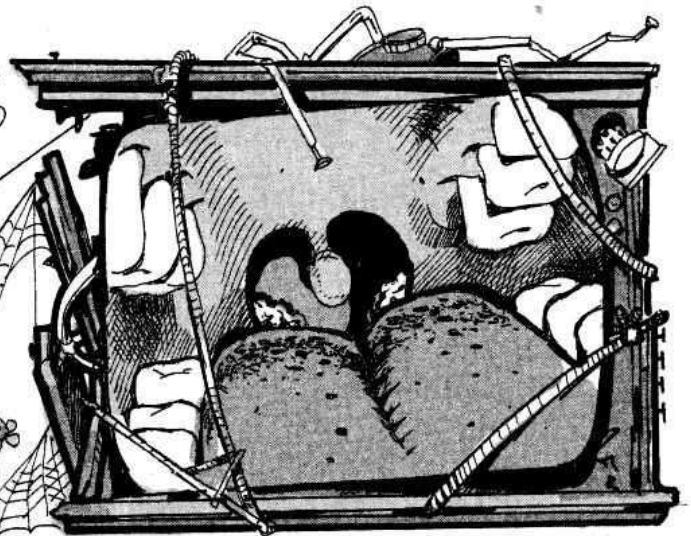
THE JOHN ELWAY TONGUE CAM



THE LENNY DYKSTRA SPIT SHINE CAM



THE DWIGHT GOODEN LEFT NOSTRIL CAM



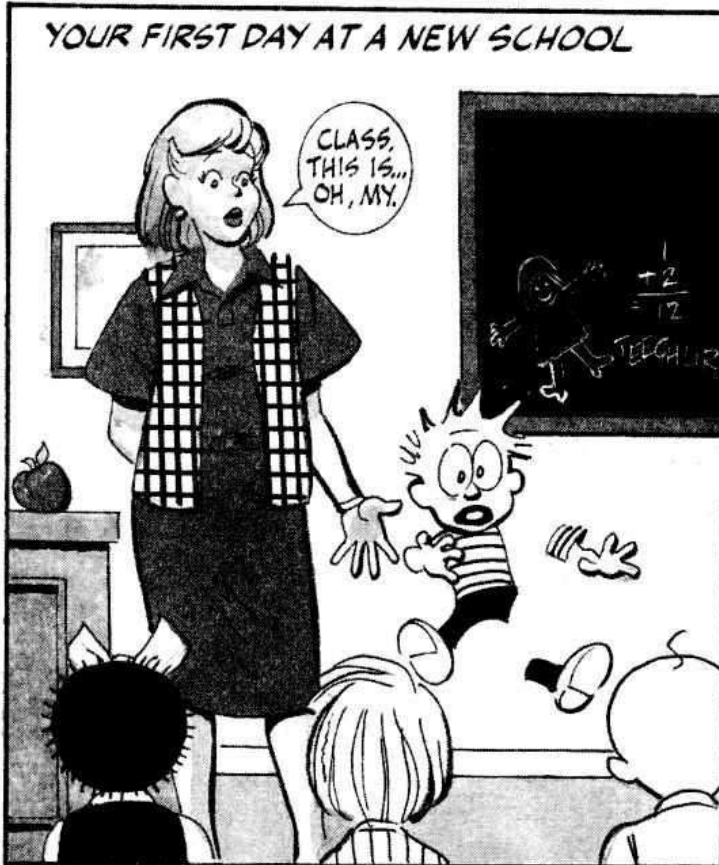
THE GEORGE FOREMAN BURGER CAM

AWKWARD MOMENTS FOR LIMBS TO FALL OFF

WRITER : RICKY SPRAGUE

ARTIST : GRAY MORROW

YOUR FIRST DAY AT A NEW SCHOOL



WHILE RUNNING A MARATHON



DURING AN "INTIMATE" MOMENT



WEDDING



Who doesn't need a little help from time to time finding the perfect phrase which will leave that certain someone feeling like a piece of crap? Even such renowned trash talkers as Indianapolis Pacer Reggie Miller and Spike Lee found they needed a little help for their sparring match during the 1994 NBA Play-offs. So they turned to...

Check it punk, you call what you were doing playing basketball? Nah, "b." Looked more like (a) one of Jerry's kids on a sugar rush overdose from eating too many Starburst, (b) my grandmother after she accidentally used Ben Gay instead of Preparation H, (c) you were doing an incredible impression of RuPaul — hey, you had me fooled, yo!

IN YO' FACE!
NBA VERSION



Man, lookit you, you punk-but little (a) whiney, wick-wack movie-makin', bug-eyed Kermit The Frog lookalike, (b) sore-loser-'cause-your-overrated-lucky-to-even-get-this-far-team-is-gonna-get-their-butts-sent-back-to-New-York-in-seven-games chump! Get outta my face with your nasty (a) maggot-ridden Alpo, (b) not-having-brushed-your-teeth-in-a-month, (c) butterscotch baby poop breath!

WRITTEN BY
BARRY
"FOUR-LETTER"
ZEGER

IN YO' FACE!

DRAWN BY
BRUCE
"ERASER-HEAD"
BOLINGER

The Official Trash Talk synonym finder for everyday confrontations. Just pick the one that's right for you!

In an auto accident...



Hey (a) dino-brain, (b) leadhead, (c) pus pate, (d) null skull, (e) thought-free dullard, (f) flatliner, (g) hydrocephalic head! Ever hear of green lights? Why, I oughta (a) feed your disease-blackened prostate to hungry lemurs, (b) slowly take your temperature rectally with a soldering iron, (c) make you chug a pint of warm, roadkill kitten bile, (d) rip your appendix out through your navel with a dull nail clipper!

Is that so (a) odoriferous one, (b) poop scoop nose, (c) poster child for the intellectually-challenged, (d) nobody-home-dome, (e) dingleberry-chomping imbecile who is mercifully free from the ravages of basic brain activity? Why don't you go and (a) scrub your sensitive parts with an industrial sander, (b) drain a boil and gargle the goo, (c) tongue-kiss a dog food taster, (d) give yourself a lobotomy with a rusty shrimp fork, (e) snack on some warm hospital waste over linguine?

In a restaurant...

Ugh! The food you serve so incompetently here (a) would make a Rwandan refugee think twice, (b) makes anorexia seem like a neat idea, (c) leaves a pungent E. Coli-rich aftertaste in my mouth, (d) is going to give my lower intestines a workout the likes of which they've never before experienced, (e) has an aroma not unlike that of an unrefrigerated slaughterhouse on a hot August afternoon, (f) has the culinary appeal of a warm doggie bag of leftovers from the Donner party, (g) brings back memories of the evening meals served at Mother Marion's Home for Orphans.



I'm terribly sorry sir, but (a) when we see simps like you come in, the chef clogs up the toilets, scoops up the overflow, heats it up, and serves it up as "la speciale de la maison", (b) I'm surprised you're still standing - our entrees usually cause uncontrollable vomiting and muscle-ripping convulsions followed by a feverish near-death coma, (c) Your dinner is supposed to have included a full serving of sauteed rat colon in a lightly seasoned toadstool sauce - please, allow me to bring you an additional portion at no charge.

In a movie theatre...

Excuse me, but (a) get your vision checked, idiot. This is a movie theatre, not your living room, (b) I believe you and your friends are in the wrong section - braindead, irritating chatterboxes sit way, way in the back, (c) can you all please speak up? There may be some people up front who haven't yet experienced the skull-numbing agony created by your fecal-brained yammering stupidity, (d) y'know, it's really strange... the more I hear you drone on, the more an image of a donkey's butt comes to mind. Pretty weird, huh?



Well, Mr. (a) Pez-brained wuss, (b) whiny bicycle-seat-sniffing, toe-jam muncher, (c) Obnoxious lick of female Soviet Olympic shotputter armpits, (d) pus-gargling chihuahua-fondler, you may have a point. But since you're such (a) an obvious piccolo-playing band geek, (b) an avid devotee of cuspidor-chugging, (c) a dweeb misfit spaz who I'd otherwise pound the living puke out of but I wouldn't because everyone else seems to have beaten me to it, I think we'll completely ignore you. Enjoy the movie!



On a crowded street...

Pardon me, (a) Winnebago butt, (b) industrial-strength vacuum mouth, (c) worst nightmare of all-you-can-eat restaurants, (d) float impersonator for Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parades, but would you mind watching where you're going? I realize it must be tough getting around with (a) that mammoth gut obstructing your field of view, (b) the incredible artery blockage that is obviously preventing your navigational skills from effectively functioning, (c) the neverending distraction of desperately attempting to locate the nearest White Castle, but make an effort, huh?

You know sir, (a) for a little guy, your vomit-inducing, just-chugged-a-bedpan breath odor certainly carries — PEEOOIE!, (b) I didn't notice you amongst all the loaves of dog turd down there, (c) I've got two words of advice for ya, stubby...elevator shoes. In the future, I strongly suggest that (a) you get better directions to the Munchkin convention since you're obviously lost, (b) you tell your mom not to smoke during pregnancy since it causes birth defects — your shrimpy butt being a prime example, (c) you wear a sign reading "I am not a booger" 'cause I have this weird undeniable urge to flick you clear across this busy boulevard.

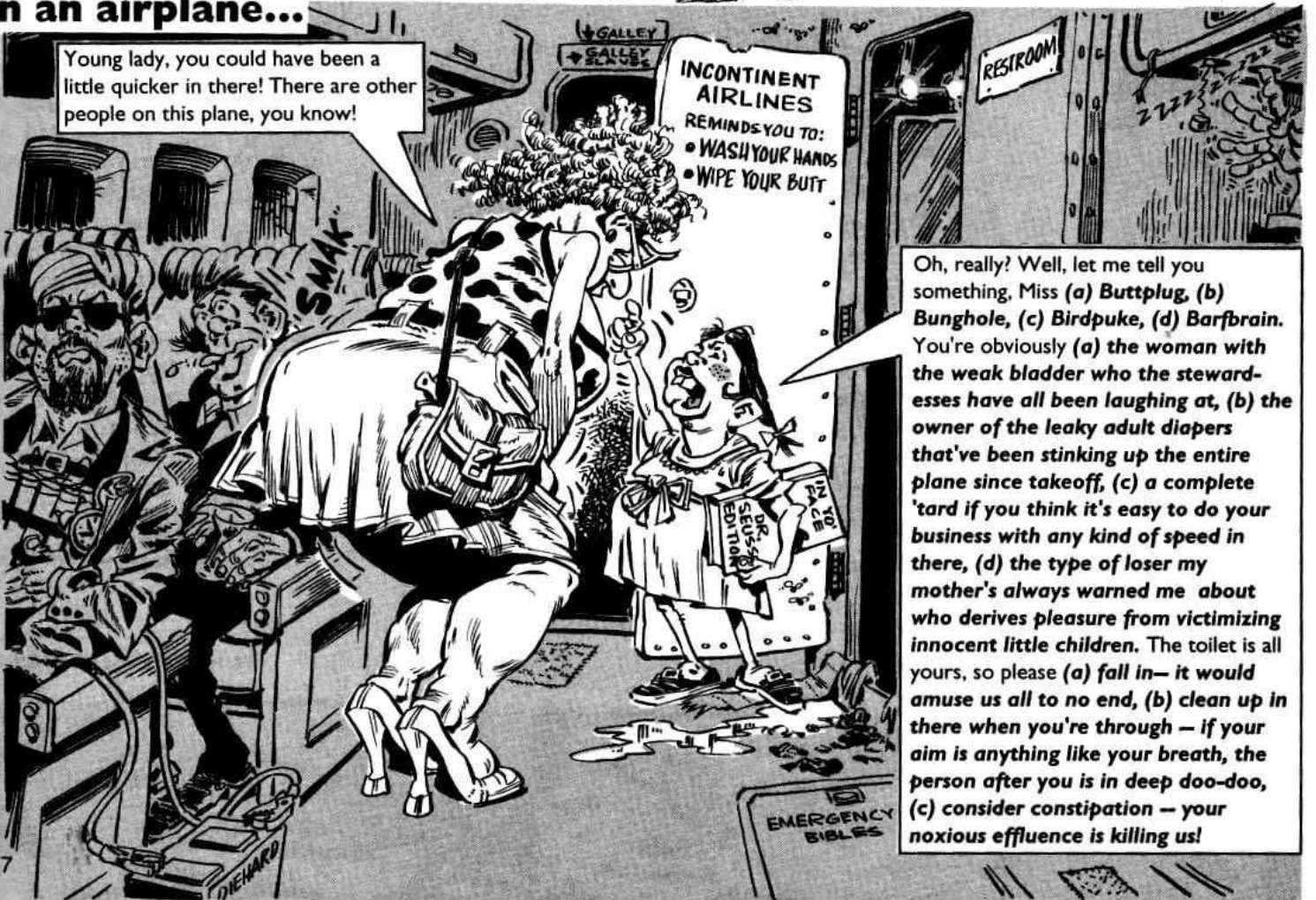


On an airplane...

Young lady, you could have been a little quicker in there! There are other people on this plane, you know!

INCONTINENT AIRLINES
REMINDS YOU TO:
• WASH YOUR HANDS
• WIPE YOUR BUTT

Oh, really? Well, let me tell you something, Miss (a) Buttplug, (b) Bunghole, (c) Birdpuke, (d) Barfbrain. You're obviously (a) the woman with the weak bladder who the stewardesses have all been laughing at, (b) the owner of the leaky adult diapers that've been stinking up the entire plane since takeoff, (c) a complete 'tard if you think it's easy to do your business with any kind of speed in there, (d) the type of loser my mother's always warned me about who derives pleasure from victimizing innocent little children. The toilet is all yours, so please (a) fall in— it would amuse us all to no end, (b) clean up in there when you're through — if your aim is anything like your breath, the person after you is in deep doo-doo, (c) consider constipation — your noxious effluence is killing us!



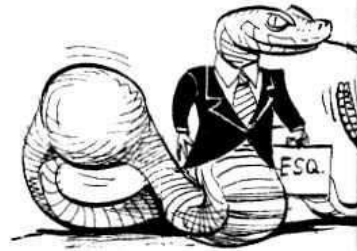
THE CHINESE RESTAUR



RABBIT — 1939, 1951, 1963, 1975
You have endless luck and amazing sex drive. People often get in your hare. Marry a magician and avoid hunters with speech impediments.



DRAGON — 1940, 1952, 1964, 1976
You smoke way too much, especially at knights. You'll eventually live by the sea where you will frolic often.



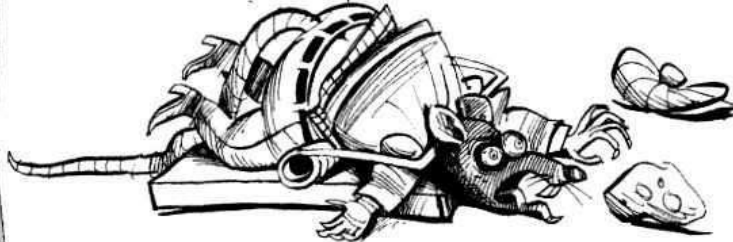
SNAKE — 1941, 1953, 1965, 1977, 1989
You are cold-blooded and slimy. Most people will go out of their way to avoid you. Hindu flute players are the exception to the latter.



TIGER — 1938, 1950, 1962, 1974, 1986
People think you are grrecaat! You are often complimented for having a great eye. You should sometimes let down your guard and show that you are a real pussycat. Look to pooh bears for friendship.



OX — 1937, 1949, 1961, 1973, 1997
You have a bright future playing college football or moving furniture. People tend to be envious of your lifestyle, but not your cognitive development.

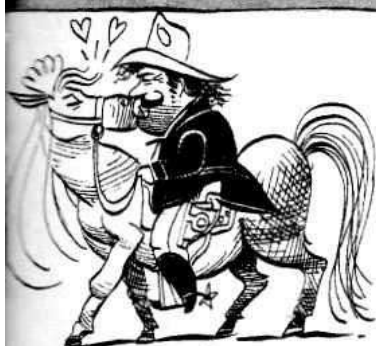


RAT — 1936, 1948, 1960, 1972, 1984
You are despicable, destructive and known to betray those who trust you. You are partial to the soothing melodies of the flute, and like to hang out in alleys and subway stations. Your friends are usually also a bunch of dirty rats.

The Chinese Restaurant consists of a 12 representing a which taste good sauce and con Chinese believe determines one's traits and w successfully cul of vulgar beast your birth among wonton soup or before 1936 yo

WRITER: WOLFGANG STEINER

RANT ZODIAC PLACEMAT



HORSE — 1942, 1954, 1966, 1990

You are really into leather whips, bridles and spurs. You often need new shoes and have been called a stud more than once. Marry a cowboy and avoid glue factories.



SHEEP — 1943, 1955, 1967, 1979, 1991

Ewe reek of lanoline and tend to butt heads with others. You have been known to chew the cud with anyone. Marry a lonely farmer.



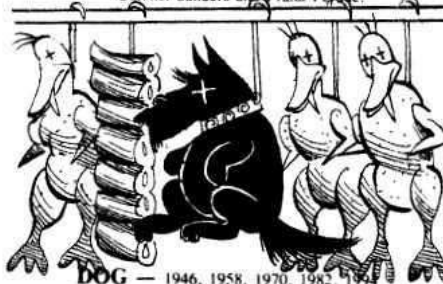
MONKEY — 1944, 1956, 1968, 1980

You need to rid yourself of the vulgar habits displayed while at the zoo. You have strong family ties, including several uncles. Avoid Michael Jackson, seek Jane Goodall.



COCK — 1945, 1957, 1969, 1981, 1993

Quit clucking around so much and chicks will stop thinking you're such a peckerhead. Avoid Colonel Sanders and Frank Perdue.



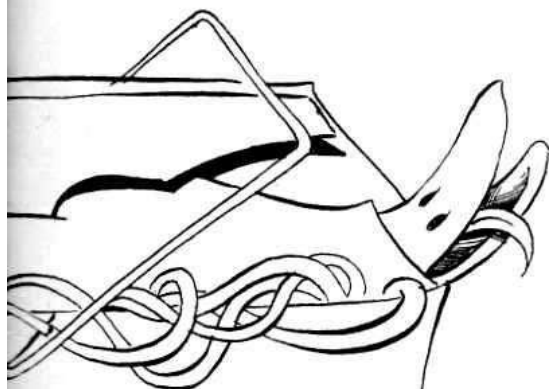
DOG — 1946, 1958, 1970, 1982, 1994

Stay off of the furniture and avoid jumping on houseguests. You befriend men the best, but often can be a bitch. You are lucky, but have a hard time learning new tricks.



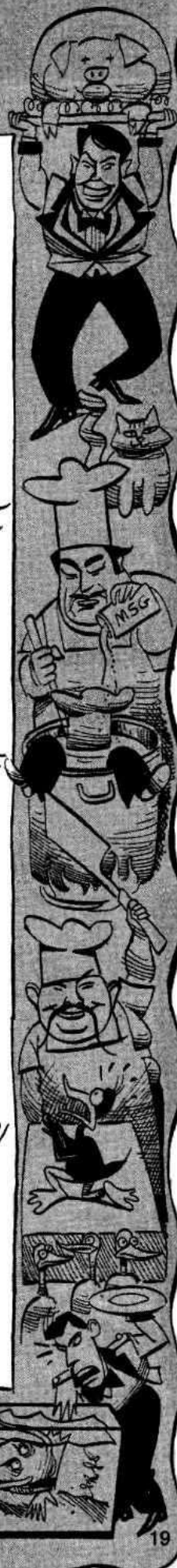
BOAR — 1947, 1959, 1971, 1983, 1995

You pig! You're messy, overweight and smelly. Your wife is a sow and your kids are runts! You enjoy mud wrestling and tossing around the old pigskin in your spare time. Avoid anyone resembling the guys in Deliverance.



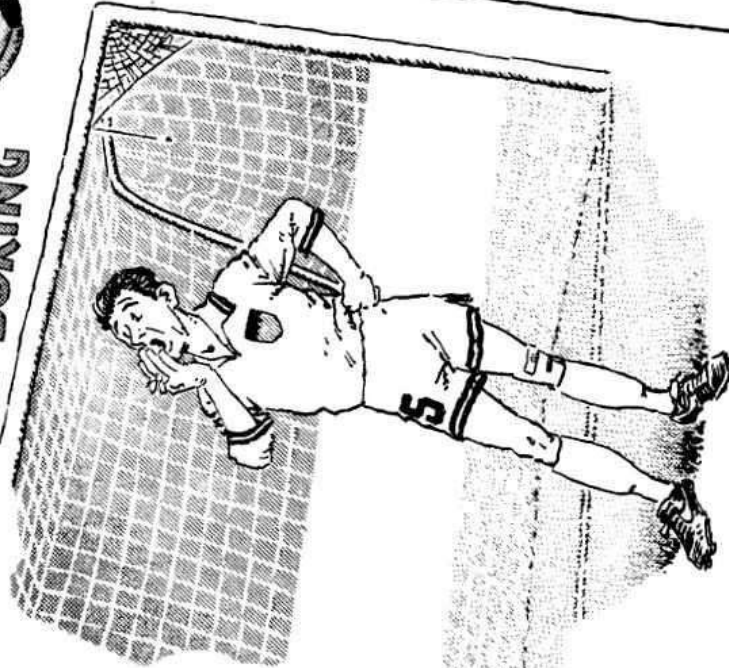
Restaurant Zodiac Placemat
year cycle with each year
different animal, all of
in a spicy Szechuan
with white rice. Many
that one's year of birth
personality, physical
ther or not they can
gym. To learn what sort
ou are, find the year of
the signs and spill
it. If you were born
are the sign of the Old
Goat.

ARTIST: RANDY JONES



Let's face it, the problem with soccer is it's kickball without the bases. And in the past the only interaction we've had with the countries who play it has been when we've bombed them. For soccer to take off here we have to "Americanize" it. That is, make it fun to watch. So, here are the...

NEW RULES FOR MAKING SOCCER LESS BORING



* SEE, YOU HAD TO TURN THE MAG SIDEWAYS... CRACKED HAS AT LEAST MADE THE SUBJECT OF SOCCER A BIT LESS BORING!!

WRITER: ROB WESKE
ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

The Foosball Rule

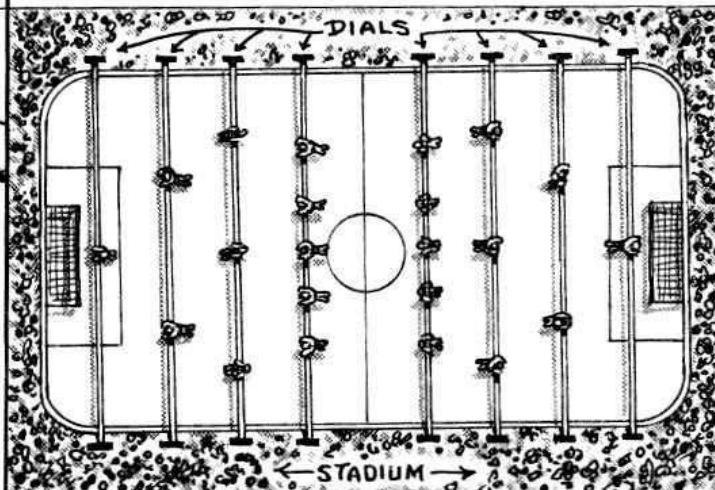
Each player's arms and legs are bound.



The players are then mounted on huge poles that span the playing field.



The poles are attached to dials on both sides of the field.



Crazy, drunken fans control the giant mounted dials...

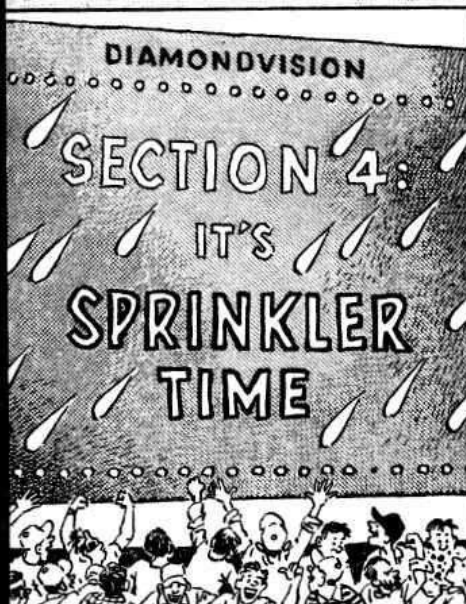
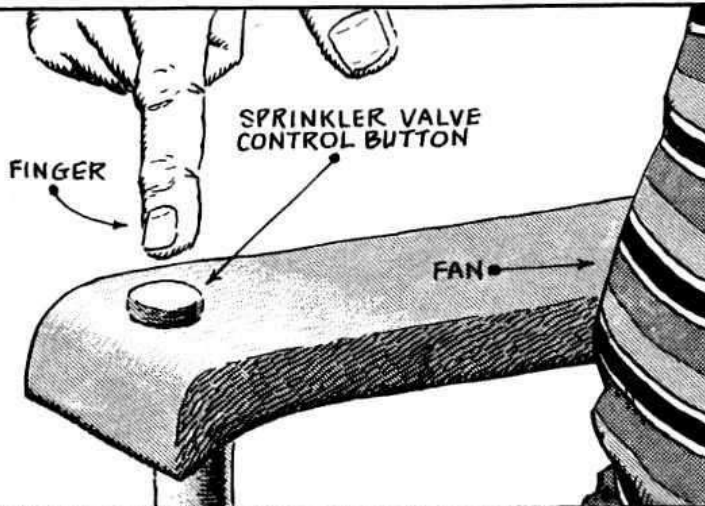
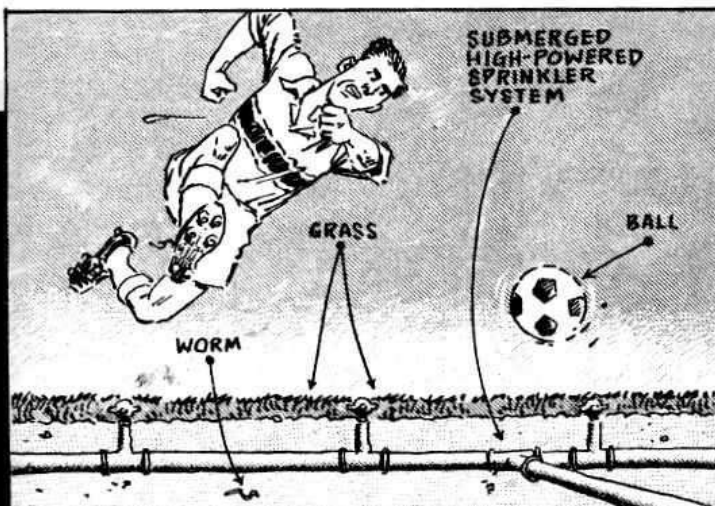


...creating the first interactive sport.

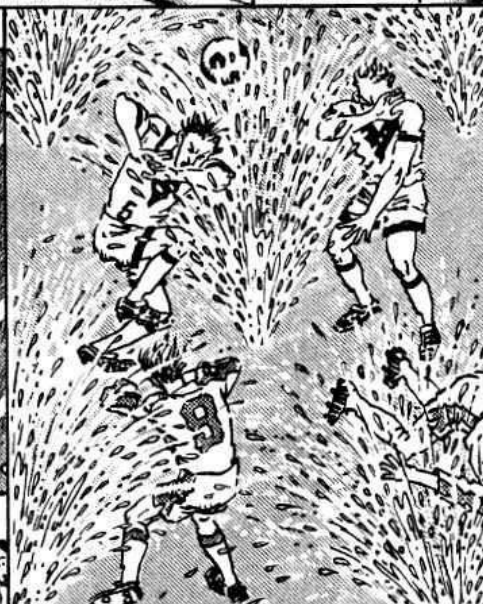


The Sprinkler Rule

Proper field maintenance is important for keeping the game running smoothly. Keeping the fans awake during the game is also important. Why not combine the two? High-powered sprinkler systems with submerged valves would be placed in different sections of the playing field. These valves would be wired to control buttons in every seat in the stadium. (See Below)



The scoreboard will inform the fans when it's "Sprinkler Time"...

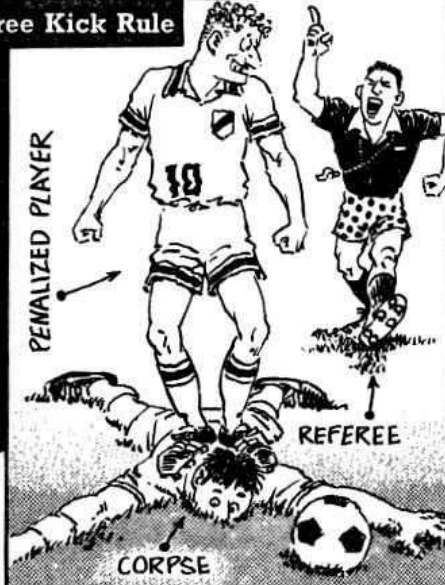


...adding a new obstacle to the players' efforts to score.



After the field is saturated, mud and (hopefully) sinkholes may develop, causing fan-pleasing injuries, perhaps even drownings from especially deep divots.

Free Kick Rule



When a team is penalized, the official may call a "Free Kick"...



...allowing the penalized team to choose anyone in the stadium...



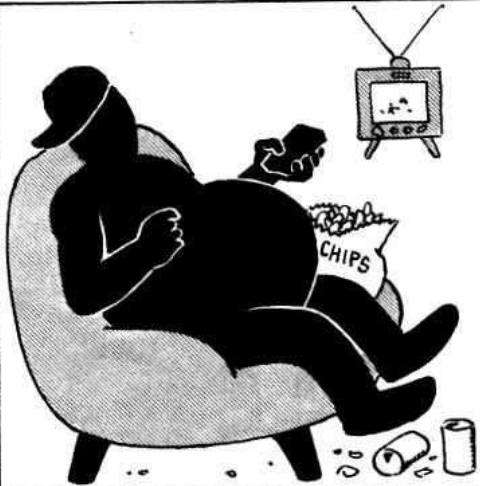
...who they can then kick the hell out of.

The Monster Truck Rule

One reason that soccer has been unable to grasp a firm hold in America is that it is physically impossible for most Americans to play. Please refer to the medical diagram below:



Body mass of average person from soccer-playing nations.



Body mass of average American.

As the chart shows, the average American is a couch-hugging, chip-munching, channel-surfing tub of goo who could never relate to a player who can run up and down a playing surface as large as a soccer field. Soccer must be altered to allow the less physically fit the opportunity to participate.

Trucks will allow fat hicks a chance to play soccer.



Mallets will be used to move the ball or behead unsuspecting opponents.



After each point, the scoring truck will jump out of the stadium in a fan-thrilling spectacle.

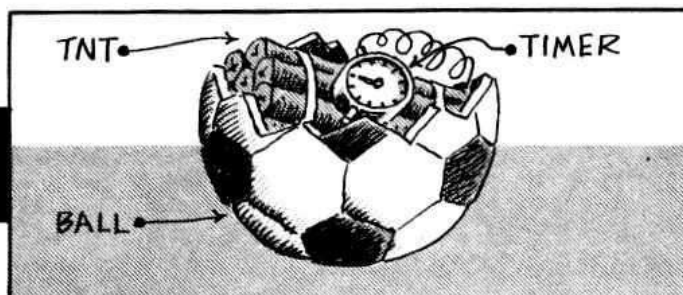


With the addition of the trucks, play will prove more challenging.

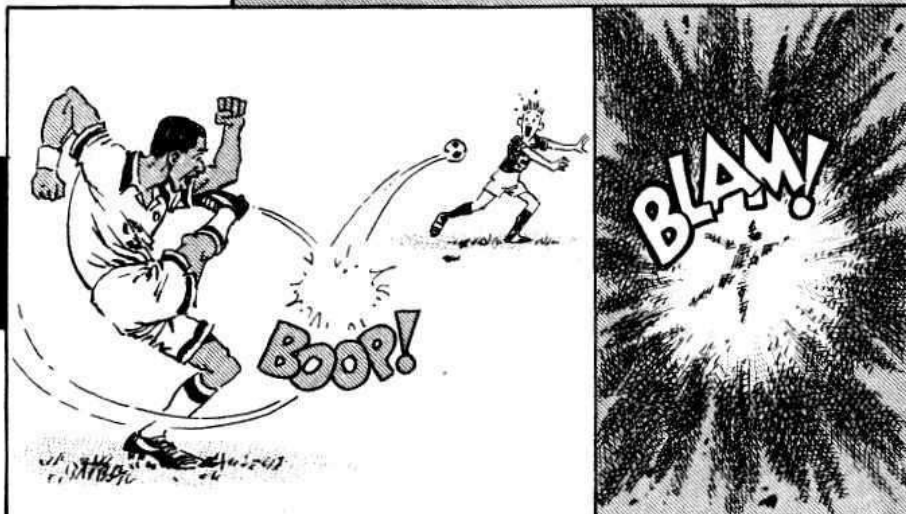


The Hot Potato Rule

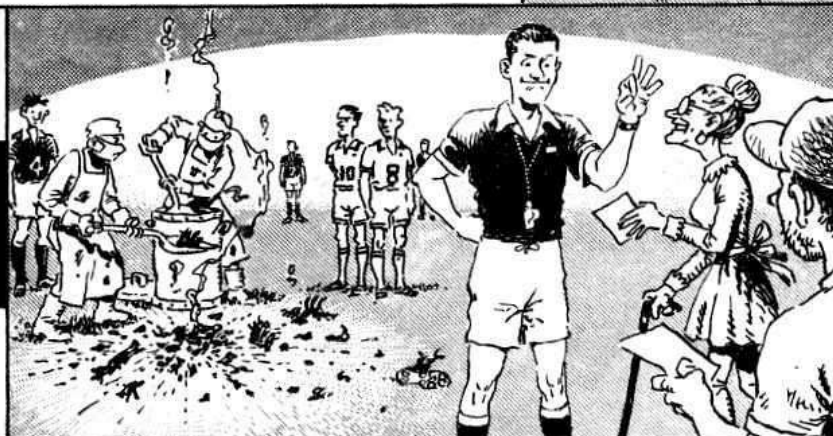
By wiring the ball with an explosive device, soccer, a game of timing, precision passing and teamwork, will become a game of keep-away, i.e., keep the ball as far away from you as possible.



The game ball can explode at any time during the match... there is no predicting when, or with whom. Fans will be on the edge of their seats, as well as players, because every kick could be their last.



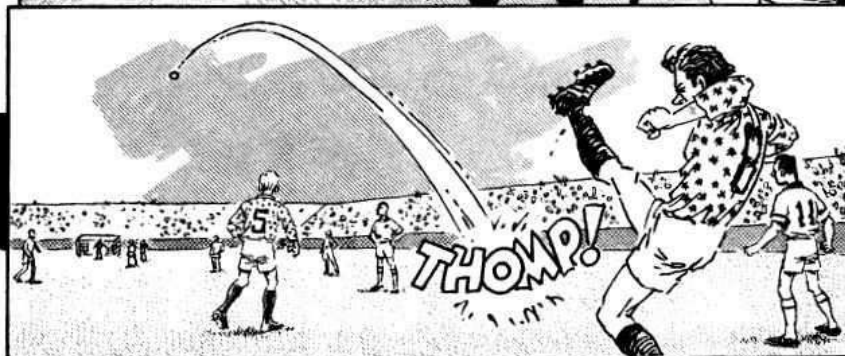
Fans in the stadium can play "Hot Potato Lottery." They choose the player that they believe will last receive the fatal ball. If that player blows up, play is stopped as the lottery winner comes to the field to claim their prize.



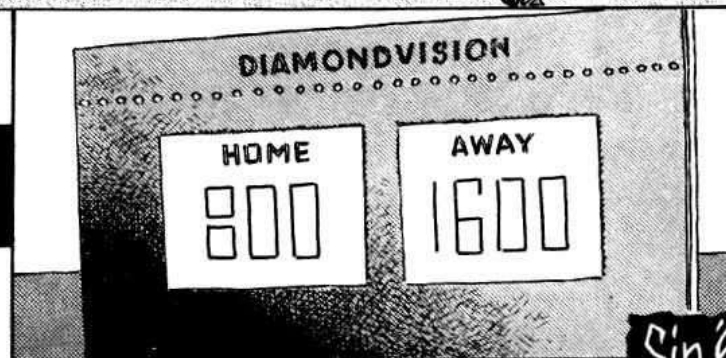
Scoring Rules

Americans like to see high scoring games, so soccer must be revamped to increase the scores.

Implement a ten second shot clock. All players, no matter where they are on the field of play, have ten seconds to shoot on goal.



A goal scored in soccer was previously only worth one, a boring way to win anything. Each goal will now be worth 800 points, making the game seem more exciting.



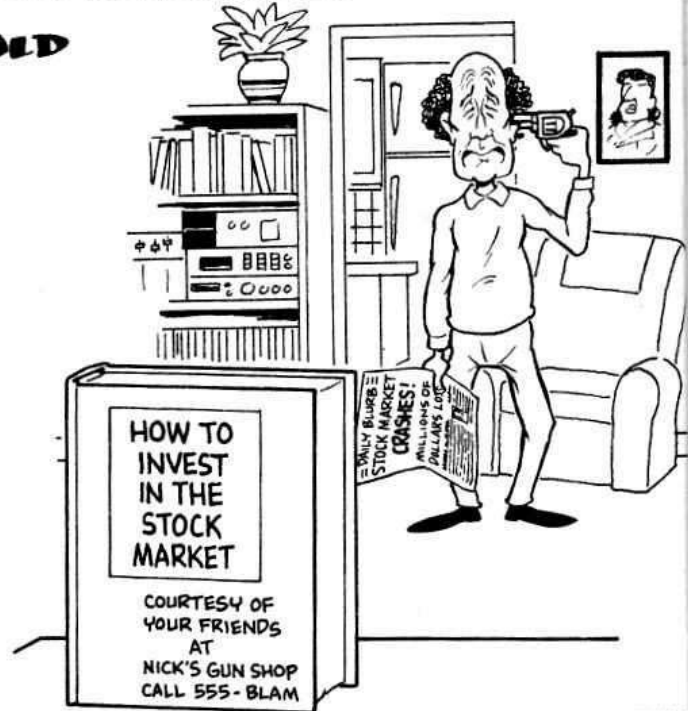
LOCAL BUSINESSES ARE ALWAYS GIVING OUT LITTLE ITEMS LIKE PENS, NOTEPADS AND MUGS EMBOSSED WITH THE BUSINESS' NAME AND NUMBER. THEY DO THAT SO EVERY TIME YOU USE THAT ITEM, YOU'LL THINK OF THEM. BUT IF THEY WERE **SMART**, THEY'D START SENDING OUT SOME...

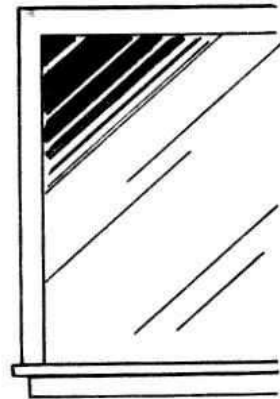
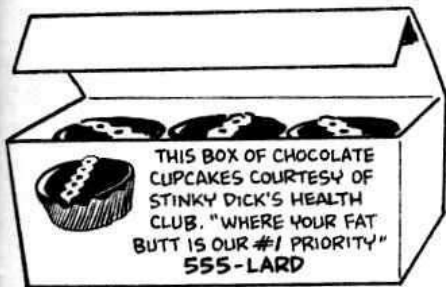
GIVE-AWAY ITEMS THAT WOULD REALLY MAKE MONEY FOR BUSINESSES

WRITER - GREG GRABIANSKI

IDEA - AIMEE KEILLOR

ART - PETE FITZGERALD





HOLLYWOOD CELEBRITY MOSH PIT!

SPIES AND

the

ACADEMY



THE ENVELOPES, PLEASE

PORCORN! JUJUBEEES! TOMATOES TO THROW AT MACAULAY CULKIN'S DAD!

ENVELOPES AWAY!

GOOD CLEAVAGE VIEW FROM UP HERE

HEY! THERE'S GEENA DAVIS IN A LOW-CUT GOWN!

THAT'S EITHER "THE MASK" OR THE TORNADO FROM THE WIZARD OF OZ...

WHEN IT STOPS, WE CAN SEE HOW IT LOOKS IN A TUX...

BEST FOREIGN FILM WHERE THE SOUND TRACK & MOUTHS ARE TOTALLY OUT OF SYNC

OSCAR'S NAKED!

WE DO THAT!

YOU'RE REALLY KEVIN CO

SORE LOSERS UNITE!

OSCAR LA VISTA, ARNOLD!

IT SHOULD'VE BEEN ME! ME!

WE WERE ROBBED!

#0!! TOM HANKS ALWAYS WINS!

FIREBREATHING'S COOL- HUH HUH HUH HUH

GODZILLA- THE ULTIMATE MOVIE STAR

SIR LAWRENCE OSHAGUER...

Magic

WE GET TO SIT NEXT TO THE LION KING

WHOOA! GAMEY!

DON'T DO "RICHELIE RICH II"

BRAD PITT LOOK-ALIKE CLUB

"TRUE LIES" DESERVES THE OSCAR... THAT'S A TRUE LIE...

"JUNIOR" ARNOLD MUST BE ONE PROUD MOM!

THUMB

AND THUMBER

33 U

EBERT

SUCKED

WE'RE MISSING LETTERMAN!

AAAAAAA

I CANNOT ACCEPT THIS OSCAR WHEN THERE ARE CANARIES IN CAGES IN THIS WORLD!

SHOW ALREADY RUNNING 4 1/2 HOURS LATE...

ACCEPTANCE SPEECH

SUCKED

YES...WE ARE TECHNICALLY ON STRIKE BUT WE'VE TAKEN A LEAVE OF PRESENCE FOR THIS...

THE SABOTEURS HAVE ARRIVED -OH AND SPIELBERG, TOO...

SABS! IM GONNA FAINT!

POPE FICTION

AND YOU STAR IN...

EEEEEEK! SABOTEURS!

OH...AND SPIELBERG, TOO...

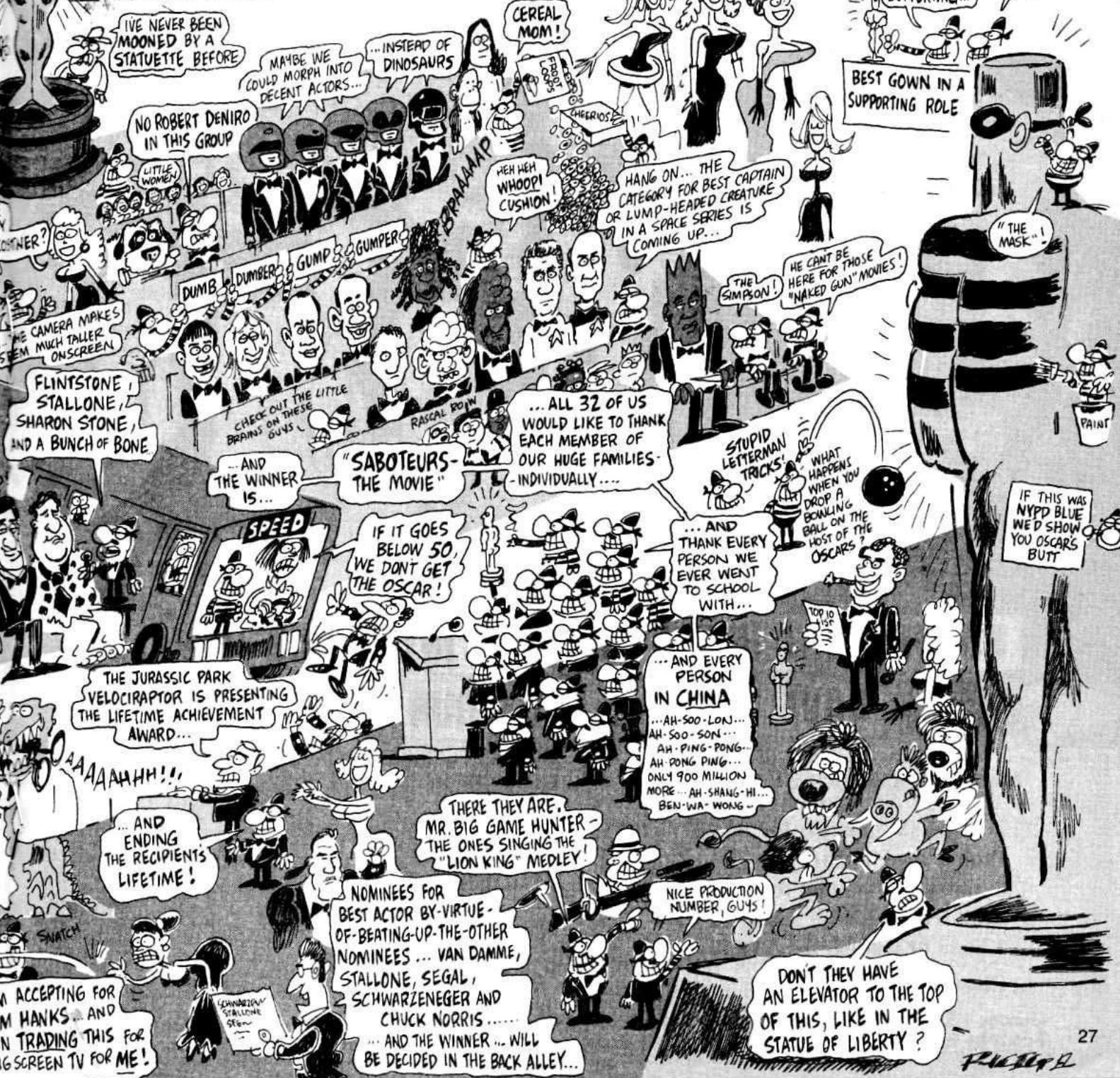
SEAT RESERVED FOR DENZEL MOORE

BET THERE'S NO SPECIAL EFFECT OR MAKE UP TO MAKE THIS GUY LOOK GOOD

SABOTEURS

WRITER & ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO

AWARDS



YOU HAVE NO CHOICE...

YOU WILL JOIN US...

RESISTANCE IS FUTILE!

SO WHY NOT INVITE CRACKED INTO YOUR HOME.

SAVE MONEY... AND YOUR LIFE!

Mail to: CRACKED SUBS, P.O. BOX 114, ROUSES POINT, NY 12979-0114 (C299)

- ☐ 3 Years (27 issues) for \$34.77 (27T) NAME _____
Plus a free T-shirt
- ☐ 2 Years (18 issues) for \$24.77 (18W) ADDRESS _____
Plus free monster cards
- ☐ 1 Year (9 issues) for \$14.77 (9) CITY _____
- ☐ Check here if renewal STATE _____ ZIP _____ AGE _____

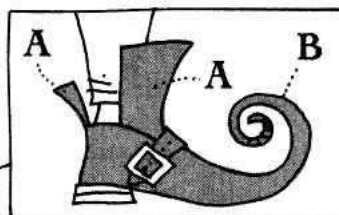
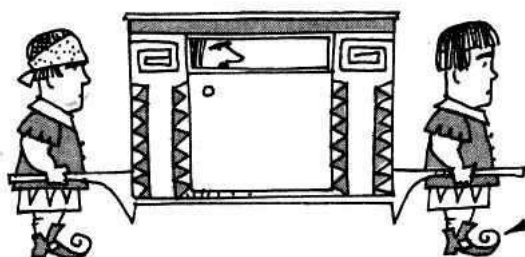
Outside USA (including Canada): \$19.75 for 1 year, \$35.75 for 2 years, \$49.75 for 3 years, payable in U.S. Funds by International Money Order or Check drawn on U.S. Bank. Please Allow 8-10 weeks for processing.

Ye Olde Transport Catalogue

Palanquins and Carriages for

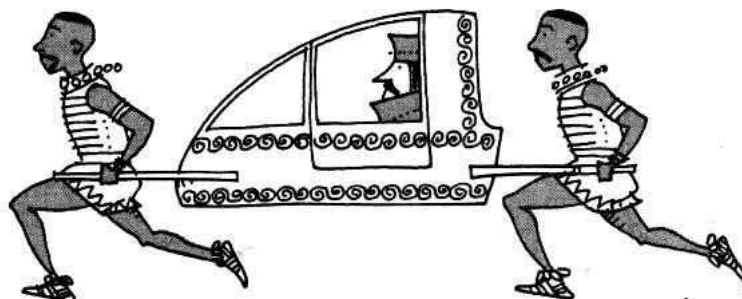
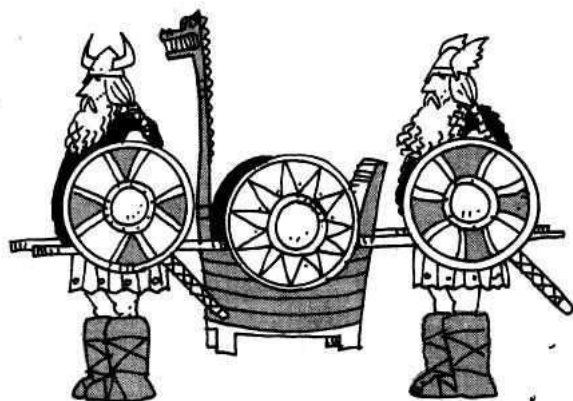
1595 AD

by Terry Colon, esq.

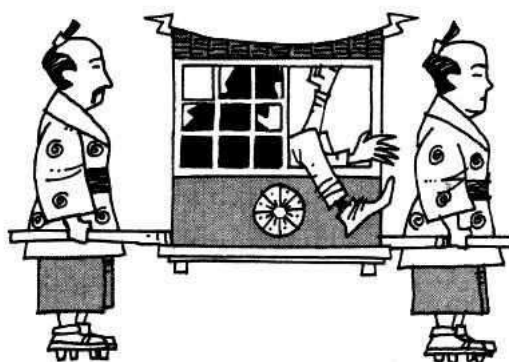


Chihuahua Custom low rider palanquin (left) with rare dwarfen Aztec motive power. Detail showeth mudd flaps (A) and curb feelers (B). Saveth mucho at 8 million pesos

Ye Volvo Palanquin (below) cometh equipped with standard 3 foote round fenders and is manned by a pair of fierce Nordic berserkers that provideth both safety and anti-theft deterrence. Our pryce: £10/6/3



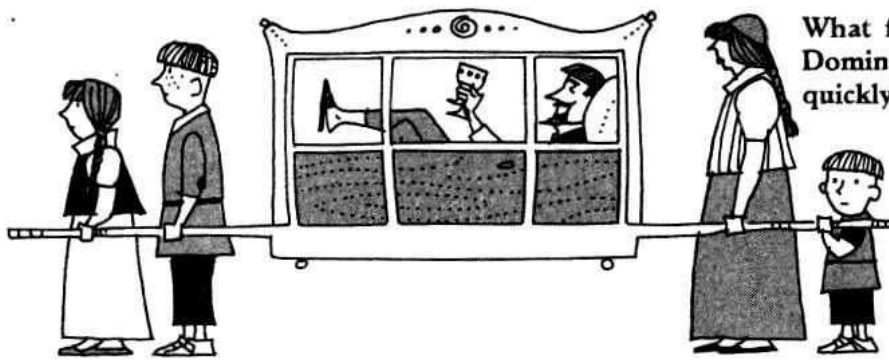
Sprinter-powered Africar SS Roadster (above) which doth featureth Nubiamatic transmission and Nike air-cushion radial sandals. Will tradeth for beads and feathers.



Japanese subcompact Palanquinsan (above) "Hark, it geteth great mileage, verily it runneth on rice!" Twyce the bargain at half the pryce: Four and sixty Yen



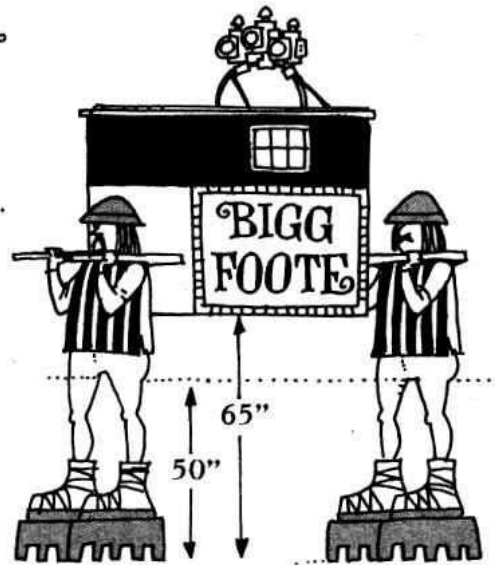
Cutaway view of the "Poor Man's Palanquin" (left) showeth connecting rods (A) that animate mannequins mounted to carrying handles that giveth thou the look of royalty on a pauper's wages. Paye only £12/5/3 1/4



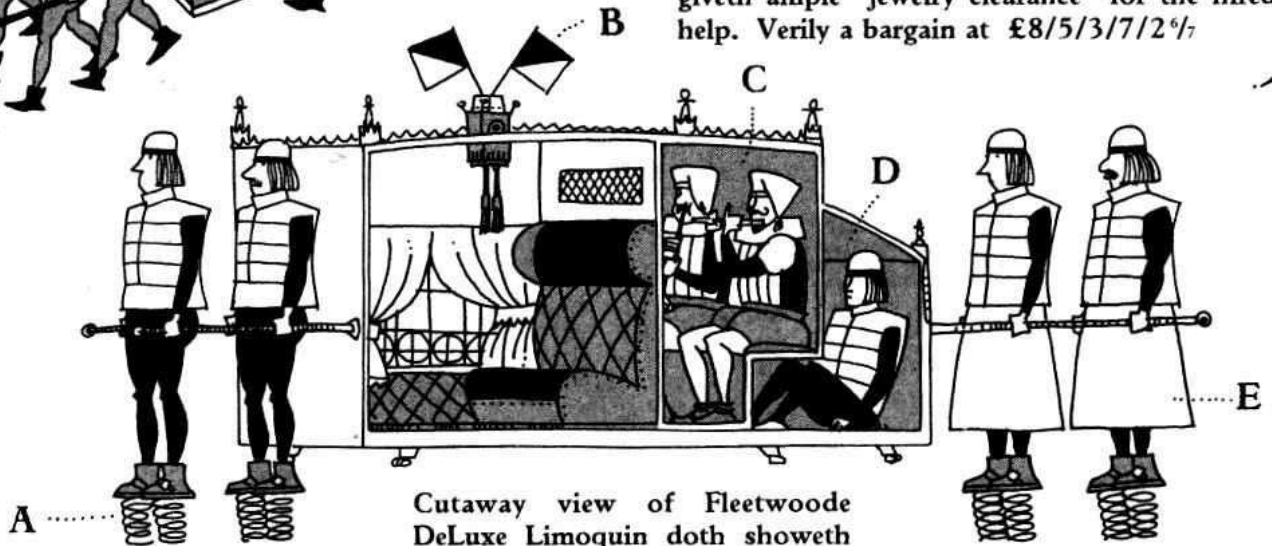
What father would not loveth to own this Dominator Series "family" wagon? He'll quickly agree it doth be great to liveth in these oh-so-moderne patriarchal tymes. Our low pryce: £15/10/5 ²⁴/₆₄



Bavarian Palanquin Works V-8 Special. (below left) Never mind horsepower, this coach puteth the muscle power of eight Teutonic hunks to work for thou. Pryce: 600 Reichs marks. Firm!



Ye Monster Palanquin (above) provideth generous ground clearance to cabin floor as well as giveth ample "jewelry clearance" for the hired help. Verily a bargain at £8/5/3/7/2 ¹/₇



Cutaway view of Fleetwoode DeLuxe Limoquin doth showeth available options. (A) coil spring suspension. (B) cellular semaphore. (C) stereo. (D) spare. (E) rear skirts.

COLOUR CHART

coach bodies



simply red

just plain yellow

hiyo silver

mean joe green

speckle tone

porters



lily white

high yellow

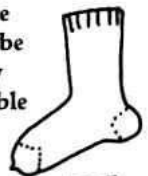
copper-tone tan

deepest darkest African black

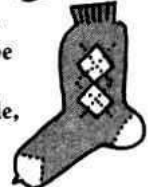
freckle tone

Hear ye, we can custom match any pinstriping/tattoo combinations, including scrollwork.

white walls be they available

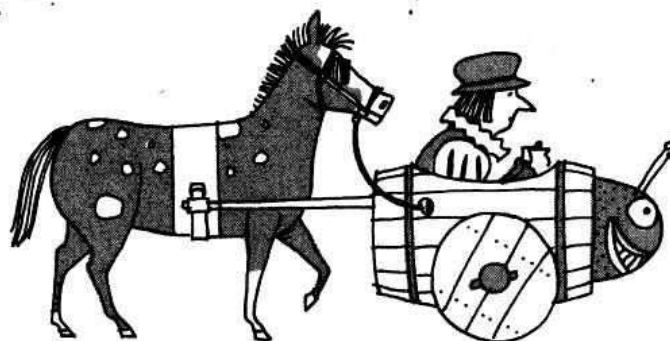


argyle walls be they available, too



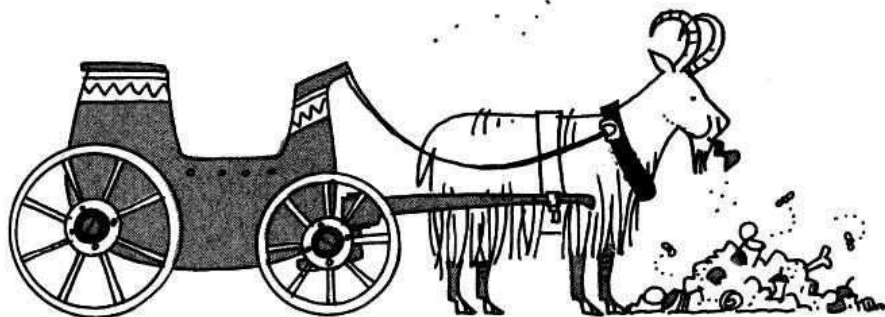
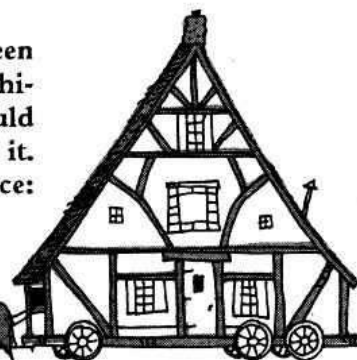


Ye Brothers Dodge Ram all-terrain vehicle (above) cometh equipped with knotty pine knobby wheels, roll over bar and harsh weather lanterns as standard features. Pryced to sell: £8

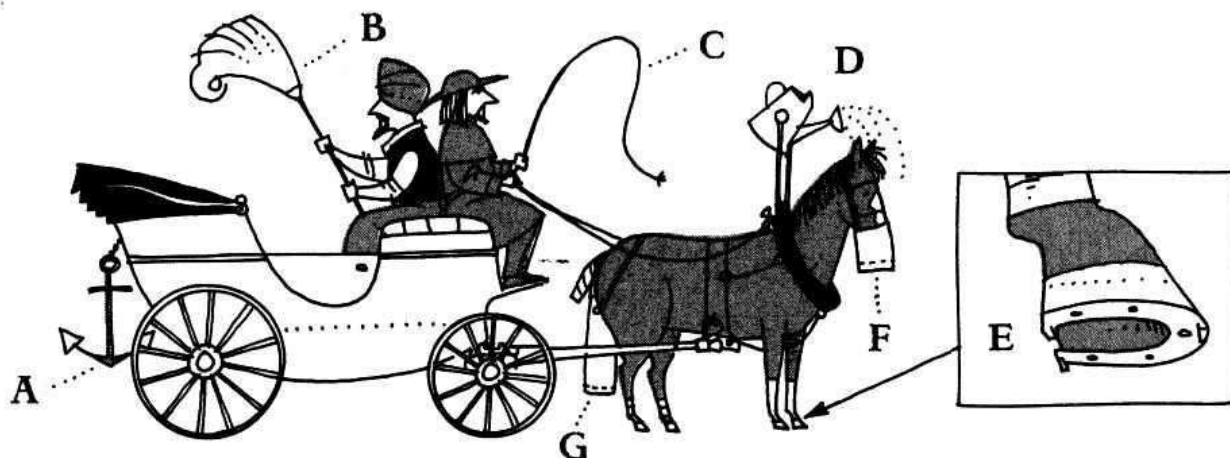


Rear pony-powered economy cart from Folks Wagon of Wolfsburg which doth feature their now famous beetle motif coachwork by Schlitts of Bavaria. Thou may taketh it at 445 Reichsmarks, 24 Pfennings

Sir Winnebago "Queen Elizabeth" recreational vehicle. (below) Thou should not leaveth home without it. Everyday low pryce: £22/4/12/6/32/9

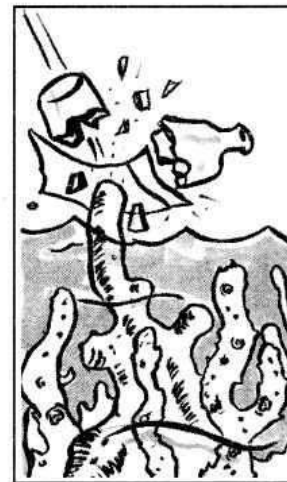
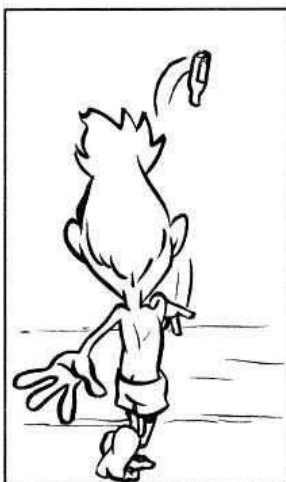
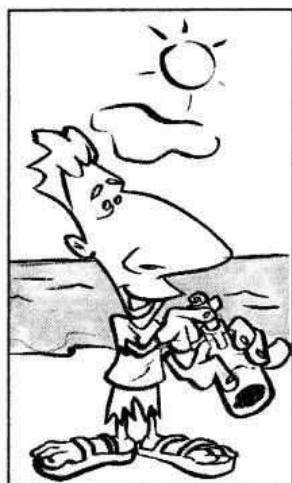
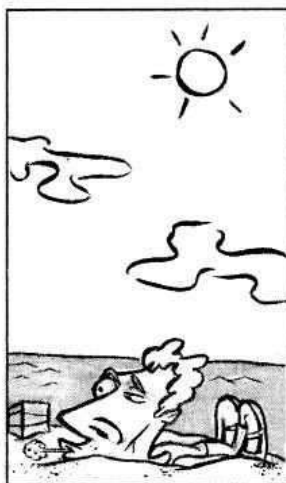


But soft! Witness thou the vanguard of moderne technology with this environmentally friendly Goat-mobile alternative fuels vehicle. (left) §4 §8 ¥12 £7 §8 or best.



Options available for horse-drawn carriages includeth the following: (A) emergency brake. (B) air conditioning. (C) cruise control. (D) water cooling system. (E) 4-hoof-dryve traction control system. (F) fuel injection. (G) pollution control.

The Story of the MAROONED SAILOR



WRITER: HENRY DEMOND

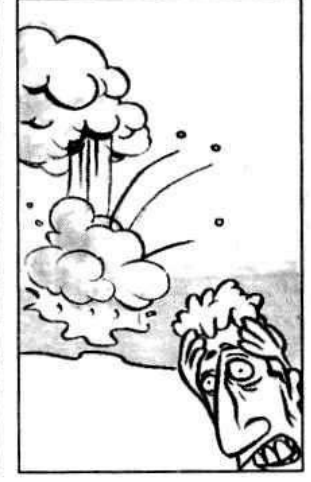
ARTIST: TODD JAMES



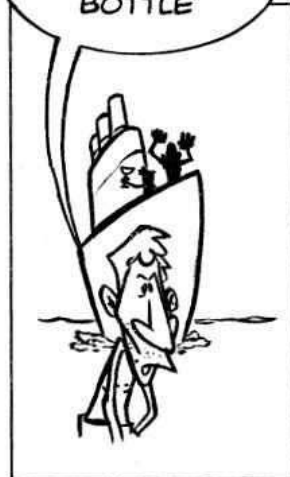
WE'RE BEING
ATTACKED!
DIVE! DIVE!



AAAAH!



LAST
HIC
BOTTLE



A SHIP!



WHOOPEE!!
YOU'VE... HIC
SAVED MY LIFE!



I'LL NEVER GET
OFF HIC THIS
DAMN DESERTED
ISLAND...



LOUSY DRUNK!
SOMEONE CALL
A MEETING!



I MIGHT AS WELL
KILL MYSELF!





It worries me the way kids watch so much TV. That's why I think kids should watch PBS. Nothing makes you want to turn the TV off more than PBS! Please remember PBS in your will, and if you're dying, kick off soon. We need the money! Thank you.

CALL 1-800-BEGGARS OR I'LL SING AGAIN.

Let's see some of the bribes... I mean, gifts... we have for our donors...

PBS GIFT SELECTION 1-800-BEGGARS



With your \$1,278,439 donation get a free gift no one will sniff at: Sir Winston Churchill's honker! That's right, now you can own a small piece of everyone's favorite English Prime Minister. This petrified beauty is a real conversation piece and makes a handy paperweight. Very limited supply. Snot sold separately...

More action than Street Fighter! More heads ripped off than Mortal Kombat! It's the McLaughlin Group board game! As the game progresses the action gets more furious. Do you have what it takes to defeat John McLaughlin in the final round?! Free with your \$46,000 donation.



With your \$500 gift you get this free concert video. Sure, we know you could just tape the special off PBS for free, but do us this favor, huh?



With a \$127,000 donation you'll receive these fun Julia Child and Cajun Chef action figures. Save the world from evil chefs who would substitute margarine for butter!



An Evening At Poops Toilet Seat! When you rest your buns on this padded beauty it plays Bach. Not in the mood for dead Germans? Just fart once to change the tune to Sousa! Fart again for Stravinsky! Have the runs and you'll get Beethoven's 9th! The best seat in the house is free with your \$12,000 gift!

"PBS Off The Air" is 45 minutes of the snow and static that is so popular between midnight and six a.m. Voted the most popular show on PBS by a recent viewer poll, this video is yours with a \$17,999,998 donation!

Let's say hello to our phone pals this evening. Meet the star of Nova's "Our Friend The Mole".



Hey, get those lights off me, I'm nocturnal!



Here we are with everyone's favorite frog, Jacque Kooksteau!

Simplement envoyer un cheque à La Souète de Kooksteau pour Sous L'eau Spécials Insipide, Inc.

What? I can't understand you! Speak English!!





A BAD DAY FOR THE TUNA FLEET

WRITER: WOLFGANG STEINER
ARTIST: DON OREHEK



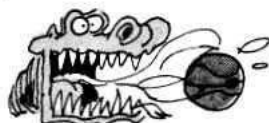
MONSTER BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION



N.Y. NECKS



CHICAGO BOILS



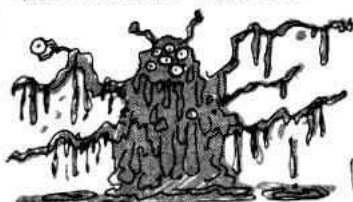
MIAMI HEAT-BREATHERS



SAN ANTONIO SCARS



LOS ANGELES LAKE CREATURES



SACRAMENTO THINGS



WRITER & ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO



DETROIT PIST-OFFS



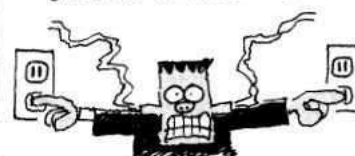
CLEVELAND CADAVERLIERS



PHOENIX SONS OF KONG



BOSTON SKELETICS



HOUSTON SOCKETS



ORLANDO MAGGOTS



PHILADELPHIA
DEEP-SIXERS

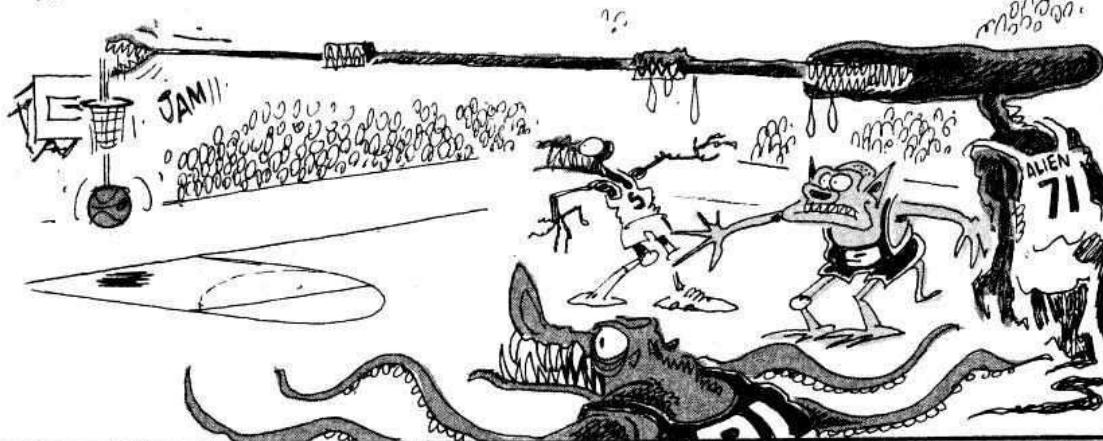


MINNESOTA
TIMBERWEREWOLVES

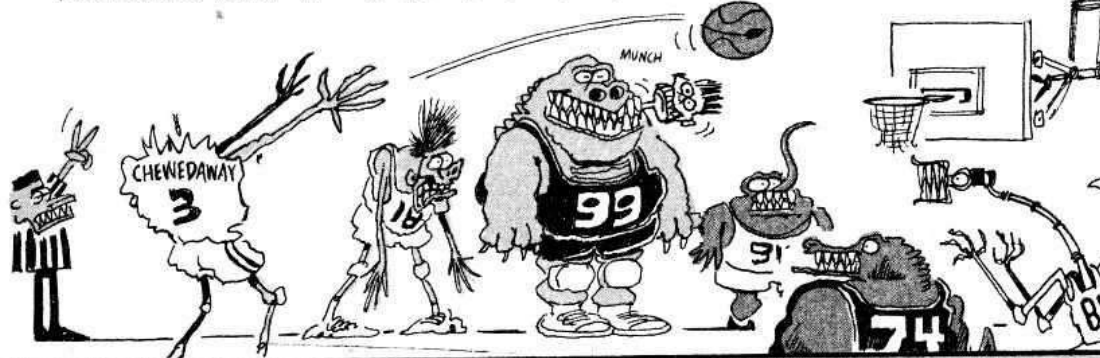


CHARLOTTE
HORNET-PEOPLE

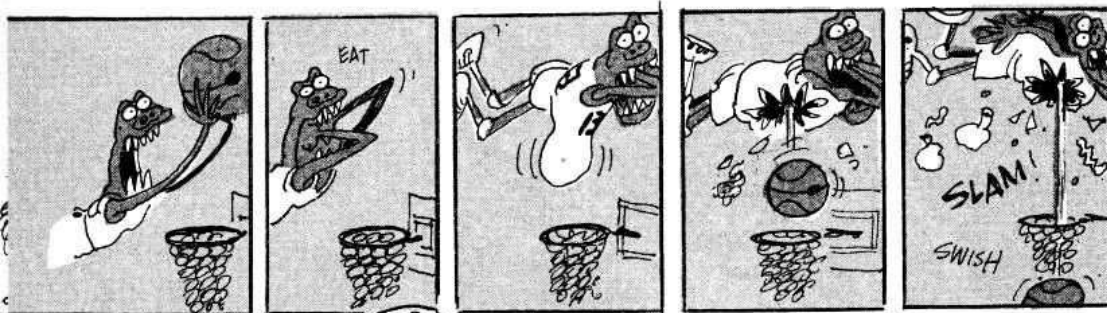
ALIEN'S EXTENDO-JAWS ALLOWED HIM TO SLAM-DUNK FROM HALF-COURT !



ORLANDO MAGGOTS' ANFERNEE CHEWEDAWAY IS AWARDED 2 FREE THROWS FOR HAVING HEAD AND UPPER TORSO BITTEN OFF BY OPPOSING MONSTER

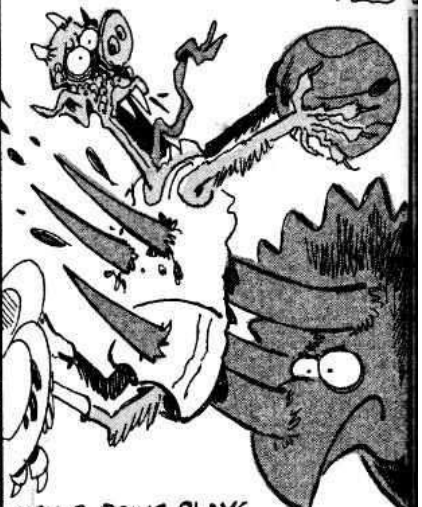
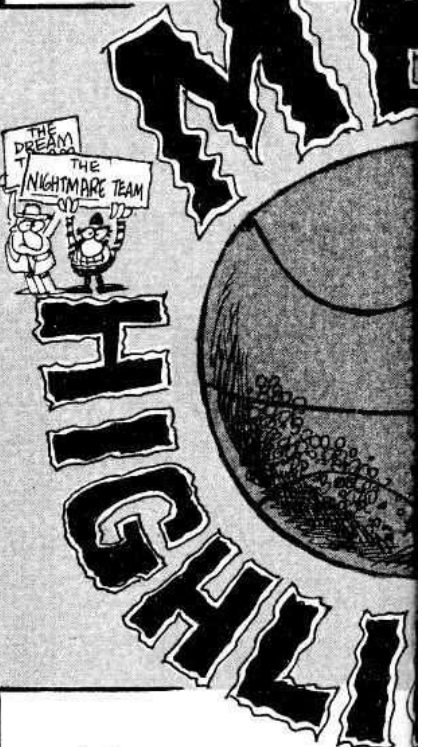
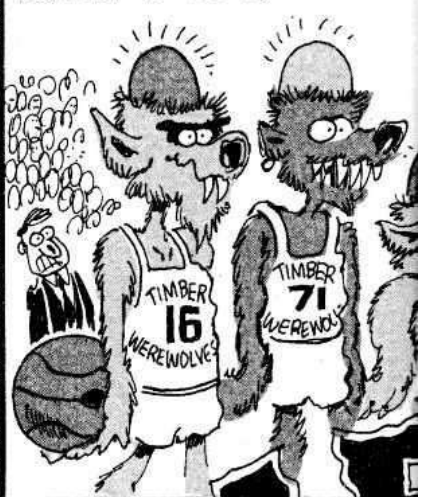


THE LEAGUE'S SLAM-DUNK COMPETITION WAS WON BY DOMINIQUE "THE NON-HUMAN HIGHLIGHT FILM" SPILLKINS, WHO DID THE FIRST (AND LAST) INSIDE-OUT JAM IN HISTORY



40 SPIKE LEE HOOKED UP WITH KAREEM ABDUL JA-BIGFOOT IN A SERIES OF SUCCESSFUL NIKE SNEAKER COMMERCIALS.

MINNESOTA TIMBERWEREWOLVES
CHARLES BARKLEY, ALL SHAVED

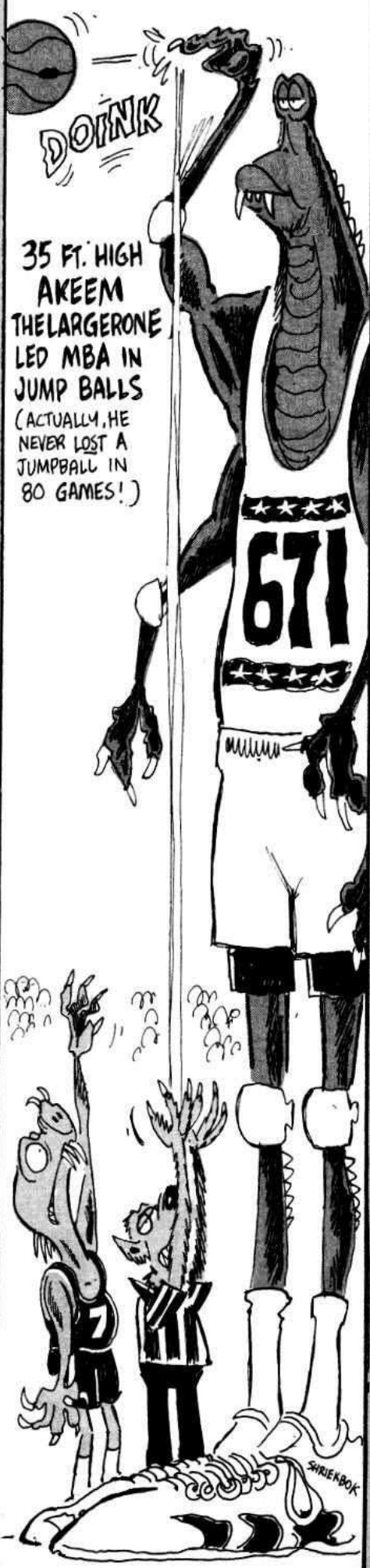


KEY 3-POINT PLAYS
(3 VERY SHARP POINTS) BY THE
JURASSIC PARK TRICERATOPS
WON PLAYOFF GAMES AGAINST
N.Y. NECKS...

IN HONOR OF NBA IDOL
THEIR HEADS...



ON WHAT CAME TO BE KNOWN
AS THE "NIGHT OF THE LIVING
FOUL-OUTS". DERRICK GHOULMAN
AND OTHER ZOMBIE PLAYERS
REFUSED TO SIT DOWN DESPITE
6 FOULS AND BULLETS TO THE HEAD...

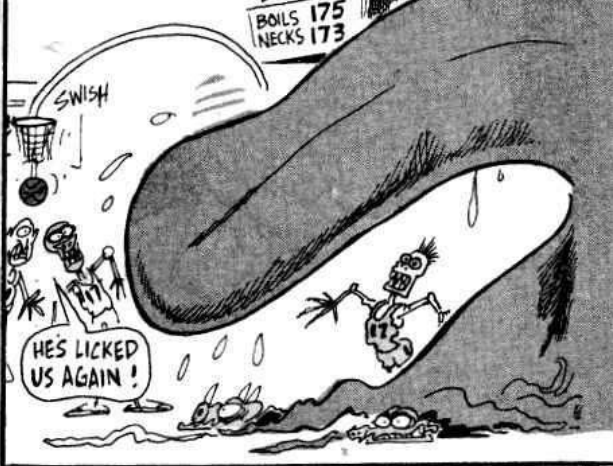


35 FT. HIGH
AKEEM
THE LARGER ONE
LED MBA IN
JUMP BALLS
(ACTUALLY, HE
NEVER LOST A
JUMPBALL IN
80 GAMES!)

HERE, SUPERSTAR SHAQUILLE O'NEAL'S
THUNDERING DUNK HAS SMASHED THE
BACKBOARD INTO A MILLION PIECES,
AND SHREDDED SELF INTO RIBBONS, TO
THE DELIGHT OF BLOODTHIRSTY MBA FANS



THE AMAZING COLOSSAL TONGUE,
A RADIOACTIVE MUTATION FROM MICHAEL
JORDAN'S MOUTH, LED THE LEAGUE IN SCORING
(AND WAS THE FIRST 400 LB. TONGUE TO EVER DO
GATORADE ENDORSEMENTS)



DENNIS RODMAN BECAME THE FIRST PLAYER
TO JUMP LEAGUES WHEN HE TOOK HIS
WEIRD-COLORED HAIR AND PSYCHOTIC PERSONALITY
FROM THE NBA TO THE MBA...



POORLY CRAFTED COMMERCIALS



WRITER: MIKE STEVENSON ARTIST: JEFF WONG

MUCKTAG WASHERS AND DRYERS

I'm the Mucktag repairman. I'm lonely because it's been so long since I've fixed a washing machine.



But now I'm happy because finally, after 47 years of these stupid commercials, a Mucktag washing machine actually needs to be repaired!



Unfortunately, it's been so long since I've repaired one of these machines that I've forgotten how.



JAMES GARNER FOR BEEF

Hi, I'm James Garner. I've eaten a steak every day for fifty years.



That gave me the strength to survive three heart attacks.



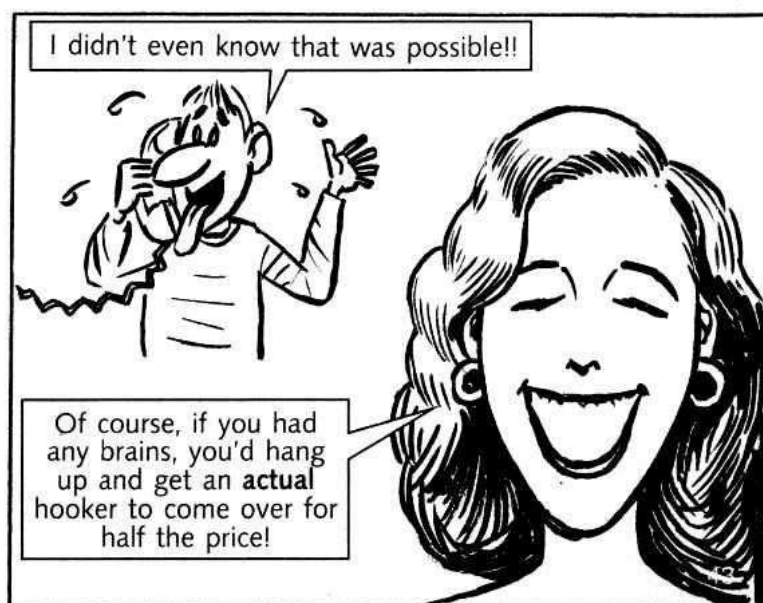
FRAN TARKENTON FOR ANTHONY ROBBINS



KATHLEEN SULLIVAN FOR WEIGHTY WOBBLERS



976 SEX LINES



Who's The ~~MOST~~ IMPORTANT Person OF the 20th CENTURY?

PIE FITZGERALD

ALBERT EINSTEIN
NO, WAIT--
FLEBUS!



ERNST
STAVROS
BLOFELD.



VELPNOR, EXALTED
HIGH DESPOT OF THE
FIFTH LEVEL OF... ER,
I MEAN **CHARO!**

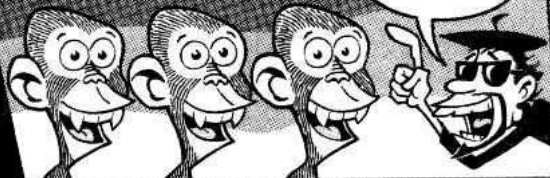


JOE E.
BROWN!

JOE E.
LEWIS!

JOE E.
ROSS!

JOE E.
HEATHERTON!



RICK
DEES.
DEFINITELY
RICK
DEES.



CANTINFLAS.



FELIX
SILLA!

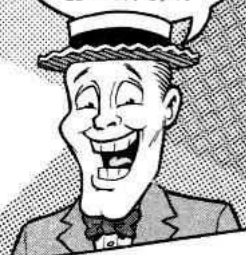


THE
MIDNIGHT
THUD!

ZAMFIR.



ELI WHITNEY,
INVENTOR OF THE
COTTON GIN.



CHARLES
LAUGHTON.



THE SWEDISH ANGEL?...
HARVEY LEMBECK?... MASON
REESE?... I CAN'T DECIDE!



ISH KABIBBLE.



PYGAR, THE LAST
OF THE
ORNITHANTHROPES.



NO CONTEST:
NIPSY RUSSELL.



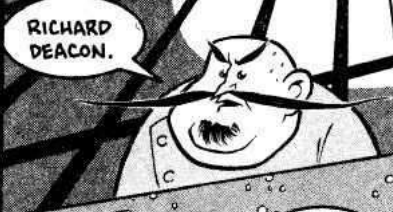
AAIEEE!
TOUCH
DEATH

INFRA-MAN!
INFRA-MAN!
INFRA-MAN!
INFRA-MAN!
INFRA-MAN!

EL SANTO!
EL SANTO!
EL SANTO!
EL SANTO!
EL SANTO!



RICHARD
DEACON.



IT'S A TOSSUP BETWEEN
GENERAL DOUGLAS
MACARTHUR
AND
YMA SUMAC.



MOMS
MABLEY.



FINITO!

ARTIST : JOHN SEVERIN

BORE MEETS WORLD



Mr. Turnstile?
Can I talk to
you? I have a
really big
problem.

Sure, Mattress. After all, I'm your **hip, young streetwise teacher**. I won't **dis** you. I know where you kids are coming from...Get **OUTTA DA WAY, YA DUMB KID!**... Now, what's your problem?

My pen ran
out of ink. I
don't know
what to do
now. I'm
confused.

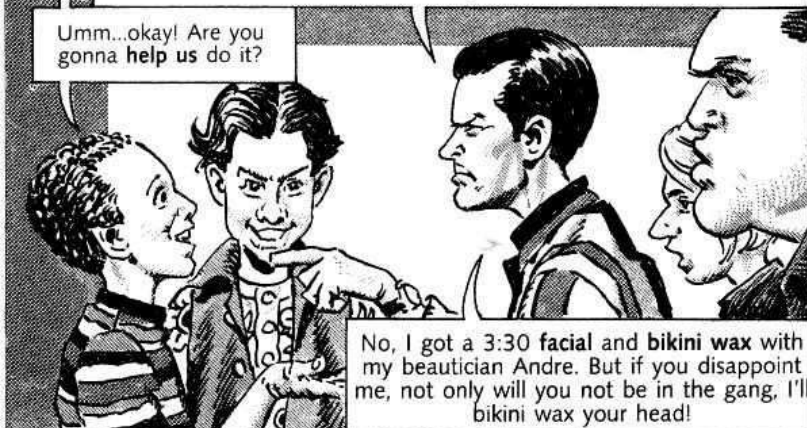


Jeez, dat's a **harsh problem** for a kid to tackle on his own. You wanna sit down and talk about it, man? When did it happen?

Hardly, we wanna join your gang and beat the crap out of defenseless kids, **just like you!**

You maggots wanna be in my gang, huh? Tomorrow's the big football game. At halftime, I want you two to run out on the field **naked**, with "MR. TURNSTILE IS A BUTTHOLE" written in big letters across your **butts**.

Umm...okay! Are you gonna **help us** do it?



No, I got a 3:30 facial and bikini wax with my beautician Andre. But if you disappoint me, not only will you not be in the gang, I'll bikini wax your head!

Last month.

Well, yeah, but I didn't know the **answers** either.

Dat explains why you've been handing in your homework and tests completely blank.



We got it made, Corny! When we're in **Hardly's gang** we'll get all the best chicks! Alright!

Yeah, but we'd have to **embarrass** Mr. Turnstile. He's our friend. He helps me with **schoolwork**. He helps me with my **problems**. He even donated one of his lungs to me when I thought I had cancer but it turned out to be a zit.



Hi, guys!
Why so
sad, Corny!

Hi, Toebanger. I've got another new problem. This time it's a big, big dilemma.

FIGHT
Corny wants to join Hardly's gang, but to do that he has to hurt Mr. Turnstile's feelings.

I'm not talking about **that** problem now. I just can't decide if I should eat my **Cheetos** or my sandwich first. I'm confused. What should I do?

We'll **help you** with your problem. Frankie will eat your Cheetos and I'll eat your sandwich.



Man, I can't wait until we're in Hardy's gang!
We'll get those great chicks.

Yeah, and we
might even get
to eat lunch.

Corny, go to class and listen to the lesson of
the day. It always **conveniently** has to do
with your problems.

...and it is a fact that cavemen used to smear **dinosaur manure** in their hair to stay cool in
the summertime. That ends our chapter on **cavemen**. Now we'll begin on figures of the
American Revolution.

This is my **first day** in
this class. What's Mr.
Feeble like as a
teacher?

HISTORY
101

He's okay, but he spits a lot when he talks, so make sure you **don't**
sit in the first two rows. And he's way strict about anyone talking in
his class.

Benedict Arnold was a traitor who sold secrets to the British which
resulted in many of his comrades being killed. In wartime, **as in life**,
it is only the selfish who will hurt friends for **personal gain**. Now,
does anyone know why Benedict Arnold was **exiled**?

He called Martha Washington a **bitch!**

You're talking in class, young lady!
That's a **detention** for you!

See, what'd I tell you!

Oh, by the way, here's three detentions: one for **chewing gum**, one
for **not wearing shoes**, and one for **listening to music**.

But, Mr. Feeble! I'm at home!

Yes... now that you mention it,
why **aren't** you in school?

Because it's
5:30 in the
afternoon!

I'm not interested in your
petty excuses. Here's
another detention.

"LATER... AT CORNY'S HOUSE"

Hello, Mr. Mattress.
Is there something
wrong? You look
troubled.

I need some advice, Mr. Feeble. I have a
chance to be really **popular**. But to do that
I have to hurt the feelings of someone I
consider a **good friend**.

Hmmm... I see. Well, do you **remember** what we
learned in history class today? Think about it and
use it to **solve** your problem.

Ummm... I should
sell **secrets** to the
British?

"THE NEXT MORNING."

Hey, Corny.
What are we
doing in the
park?

We're following Mr. Feeble's advice. He said we could
solve our problem by remembering what he taught us
in his class **yesterday**. I finally figured out what he
meant! He said something about how cavemen would
smear dinosaur manure in their hair to keep **cool**.
Now our problem is where to find dinosaur doo-doo!

That could be a problem, this
ain't **JURASSIC PARK**.

YER
PARK

Hey, I know! We'll improvise! Grab a handful!



I don't see how this'll solve our problem with Hardly.

Me either, but Mr. Feeble is always right.

I guess so. Hopefully it'll cure our dandruff, too!



Well, we followed Mr. Feeble's advice, but nothing's different.

Yeah, what gives?

Hey, baboons, the big game is gonna start in a few minutes. You ready—WHOA! You guys reek! But, hey! Now you'll fit in real good with my gang!



I don't understand it! We still have the problem. We've gotta get some advice—fast! Hey, there's Mr. Turnstile! Hey, Mr. Turnstile! I need some advice!

You want advice? You guys better start taking showers after gym class! You stink!

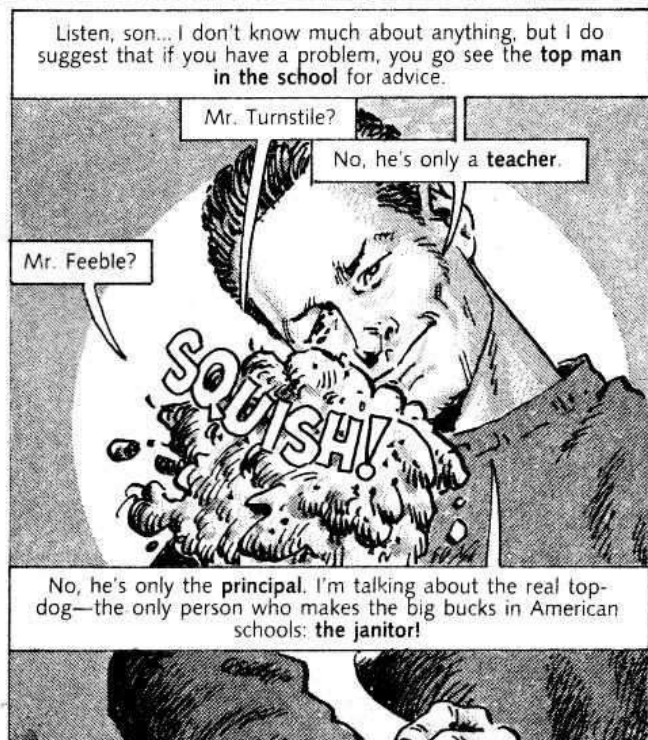


It's Mr. Feeble! Mr. Feeble! We did what you said we should do, but it didn't solve our problem! What should we do now?!

AGGGH! GET OFF ME! GET OFF ME!!

DOWN + UP





THE CRACKED LIST

12 SIGNS THAT YOU'RE A DUMMY

WRITER: RANDY EPLEY ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO

HEY, WE'VE
DONE ALL
OF THESE!

12 YOU ENTER PET STORES IN A SAFARI OUTFIT AND A RIFLE



10 YOU COMMIT YOURSELF TO AN INSANE ASYLUM SO YOU CAN MEET INTERESTING AND UNUSUAL PEOPLE



4 YOU PACK SPIDERS IN YOUR PICNIC BASKET TO KEEP THE ANTS OUT



9 YOU ENJOY TAKING YOUR PLANT FOR A WALK



6 YOU WEAR DENTURES MADE OF BEARTRAPS



1 YOU BUY TOUPEES FOR YOUR ARMPITS



3 YOU BUY BREAST IMPLANTS FOR YOUR POODLE



7 YOU WEAR PLAID CONTACT LENSES



2 YOU'RE A CHEERLEADER FOR YOUR HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE TEAM



5 YOU HAVE YOUR HEAD SHELLACKED/VARNISHED TO KEEP YOUR HAIR FROM FALLING OUT



11 BEFORE BUYING UNDERWEAR, YOU INSIST ON TRYING IT ON IN FRONT OF A STORE MIRROR



8 YOU REMOVE THE METAL PLATE FROM YOUR HEAD EVERY TIME YOU GO THROUGH AN AIRPORT METAL DETECTOR



Magazine

...the new fragrance from Perry Odical



You're a 90's
person...you're a lot
like a publication
...slick...easy on
the eyes ...full of
interesting stories.

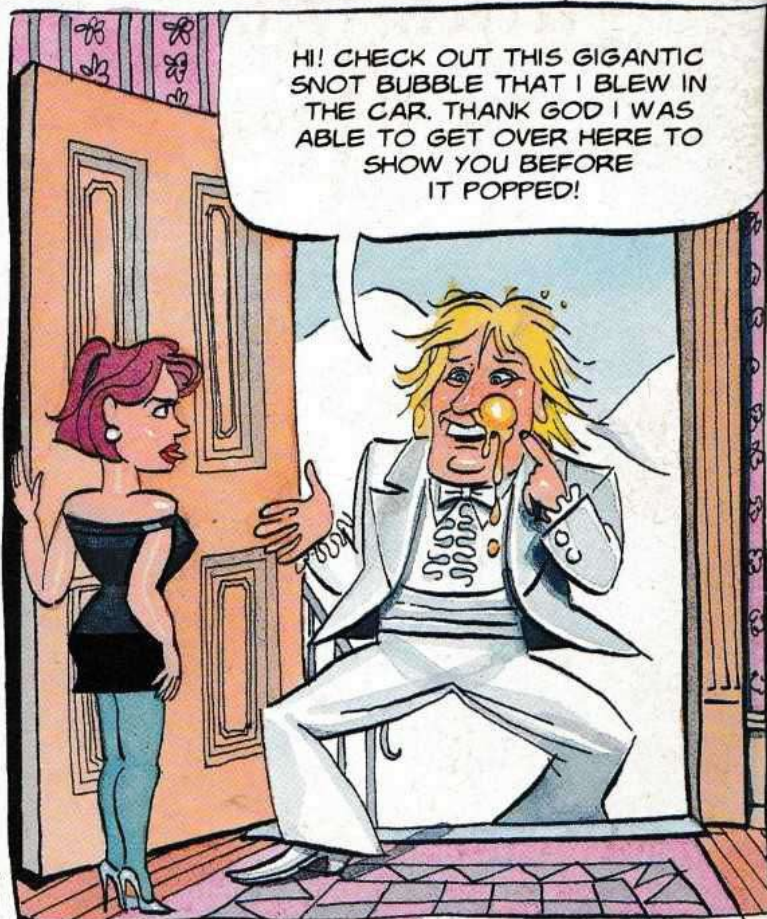
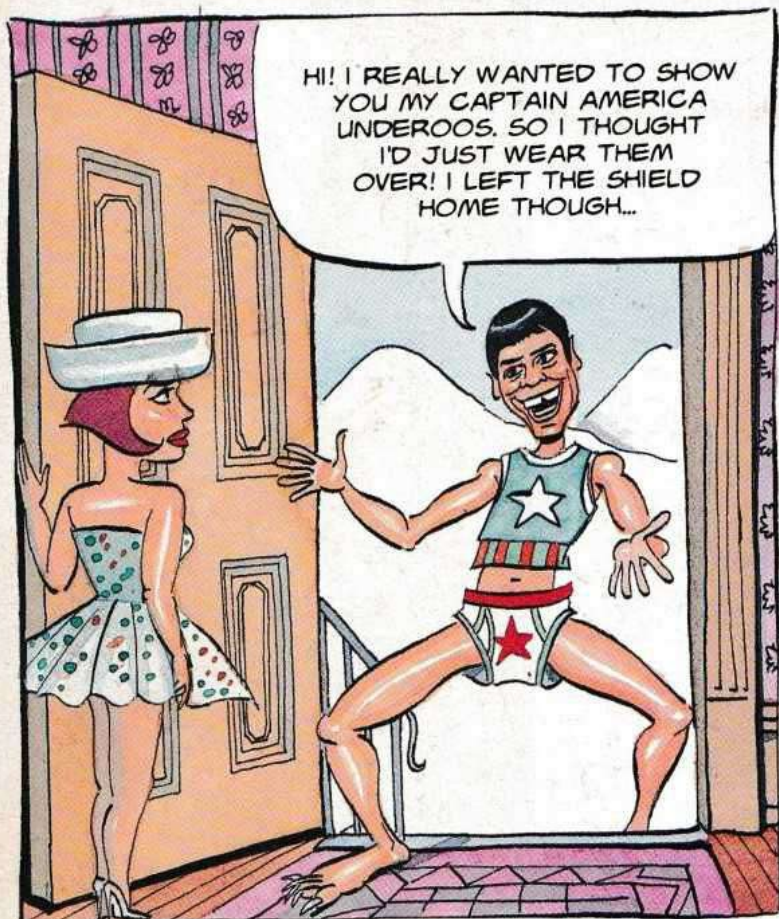
Isn't it time you
smelled like a
publication?

Scratch here to
release the
exquisite fragrance
of Magazine!

It's about TIME there was a COSMOPOLITAN cologne for PEOPLE like you...whether you're a PLAYBOY or a YOUNG MISS, the scent of "Magazine" from Perry Odical has GLAMOUR down to a POPULAR SCIENCE to keep you in VOGUE.



THE DUMB AND DUMBER GUIDE TO SURE-FIRE DATING SUCCESS



Randy Jones